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OCT. 17, 1942 10¢

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A Weapon the Axis Could Never Match

See page 10

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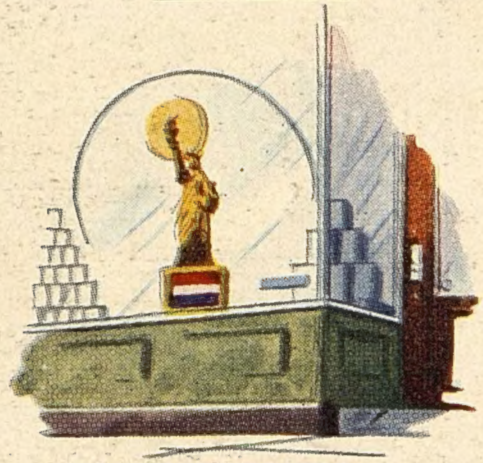

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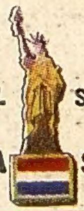

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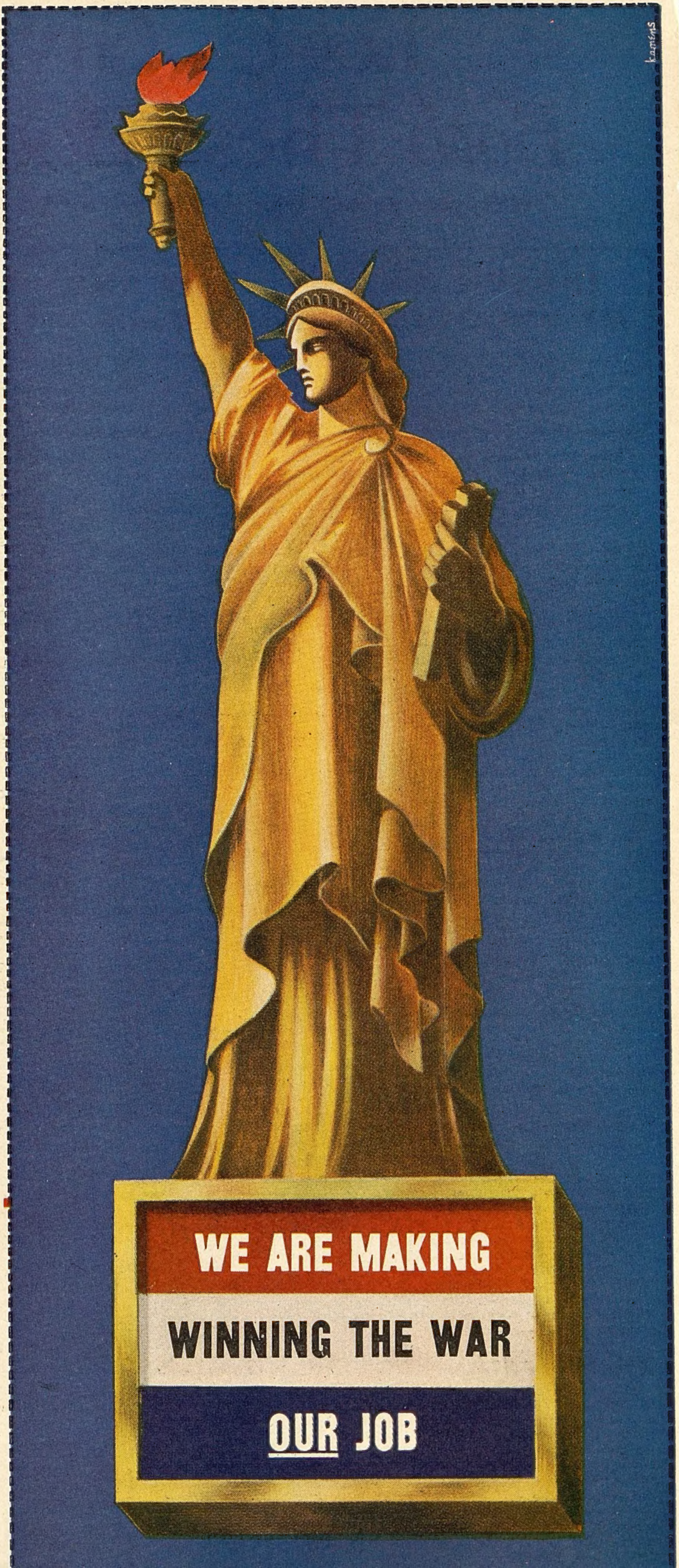

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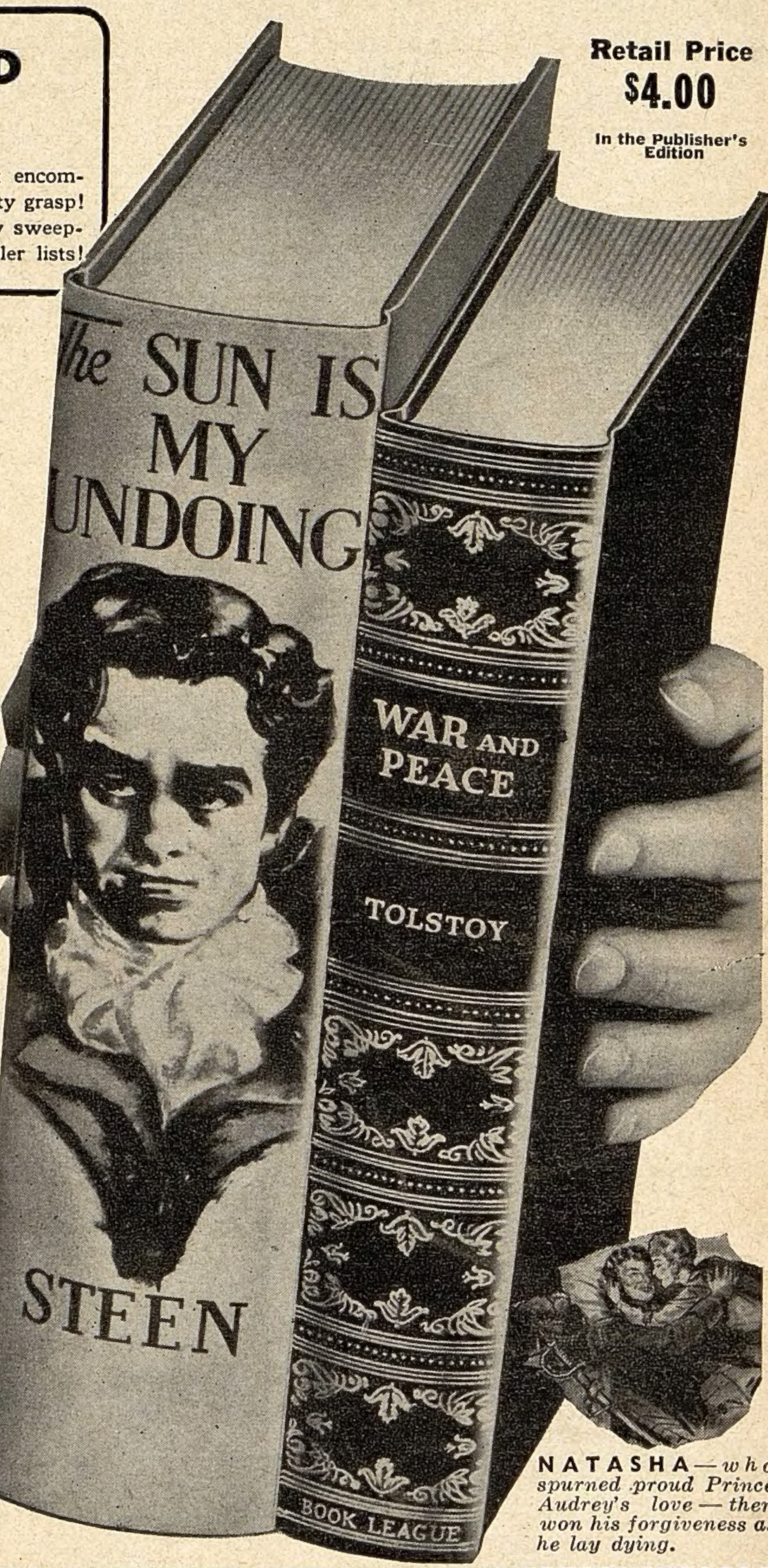

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Old Timers Give Their Opinion of the Value of the J.B.L. Cascade Internal Bath

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Have used the third Cascade Internal Bath, clean my colon twice a week, am 83 years of age, in perfect health, active mind and body. Have followed this for 50 years and good for 50 to come. My Doctor looked me over last fall and said if all did as I have done, there would be no need for purgatives.

Wm. Lusk
Brenham, Texas

89 Years of age—
30 years ago while I was in Chicago, I was given a Cascade and have used it for years until it wore out. I still take the baths. I am 89 years old and I am as well today as I was at 50. This is my 24th trip to Florida. I travel all over alone, from New York to California. I am now at this hotel until June then North to—

Mrs. M. E. McArthur
53 Hudson Ave.
Maplewood, N. J.

88 Years of age—
Have taken Cascade since 1910, but not much now. Will be 88 years old the 13th of this coming July. When my pipe don't taste good, I take a Cascade then things are alright.

W. Gath
Rickreall, Oreg.

84 Years of age—
My health and activity at 84 years of age, to my mind, indicate its health giving powers.

Noah Webster
Cambridge, Md.

Prescribing J.B.L. Cascade for 28 years—
I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about 28 years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the treatment of constipation for the MAINTENANCE AND PRESERVATION OF GOOD HEALTH.

A. L. Daniel, M.D.
Kansas City, Mo.

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It was back in 1916 when I first became acquainted with the J.B.L. Cascade. I am now in my 82nd year and in perfect health and have not used any medicine in 25 years since I purchased your Cascade. I believe the Cascade should be in every home in America.

J. V. Farber
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Your J.B.L. Cascade is a great relief to the poor suffering humanity. It induces detoxification to a marked degree and undoubtedly will help to bring to you longer and happier years to your life. Its worth is simply incalculable.

Rev. R. J. Sorin
DeLisle, Miss.

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Paul Hunter, Publisher.

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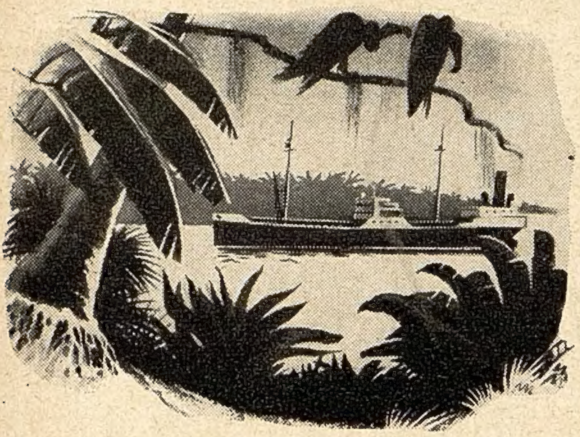
NEXT WEEK

OCTOBER 24, 1942

THIS TANKER TURNED THE TABLES!

Any U-boat that picked it for a wallowing, harmless old tub was in for a savage fight. When Johnny Standish found himself aboard and learned the shabby ship's secrets, he knew he was in for action. So will you be when you start Caribbean Patrol, by JAMES EDWARD GRANT. An exciting short novel, complete in three parts, containing adventure, provocative romance, and an enchanting girl.



THE MASTER SPY OF THEM ALL

In the other war he was Mata Hari's boss; it is said he may have betrayed her to her death when she bungled. In 1942 he sent the U-boat saboteurs to the U. S. A. Yet he is all but unknown. THOMAS M. JOHNSON, one of America's leading authorities on the lore of spies, tells you revealing things about him next week.

WHAT ABOUT THE ALEUTIANS?

What will it mean if the Japs are not dislodged from their foothold off Alaska? The significance of all the strategy up there is made plain in startling fashion in an arresting article by FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE.

AND: GEORGE CREEL tops off Liberty's Roosevelt series with the most outspoken and challenging estimate it has contained. . . . EDWARD HOPE, BARBARA BARNES BLODGET (a newcomer), and others contribute sparkling fiction. . . . Some lively pages turn the spotlight on the football season. . . . WENZELL BROWN relates more of his experiences as a prisoner of the Japs. . . . A varied, pungent bill of fare, salted with the usual features, pictures, and fun. We think you'll like it!

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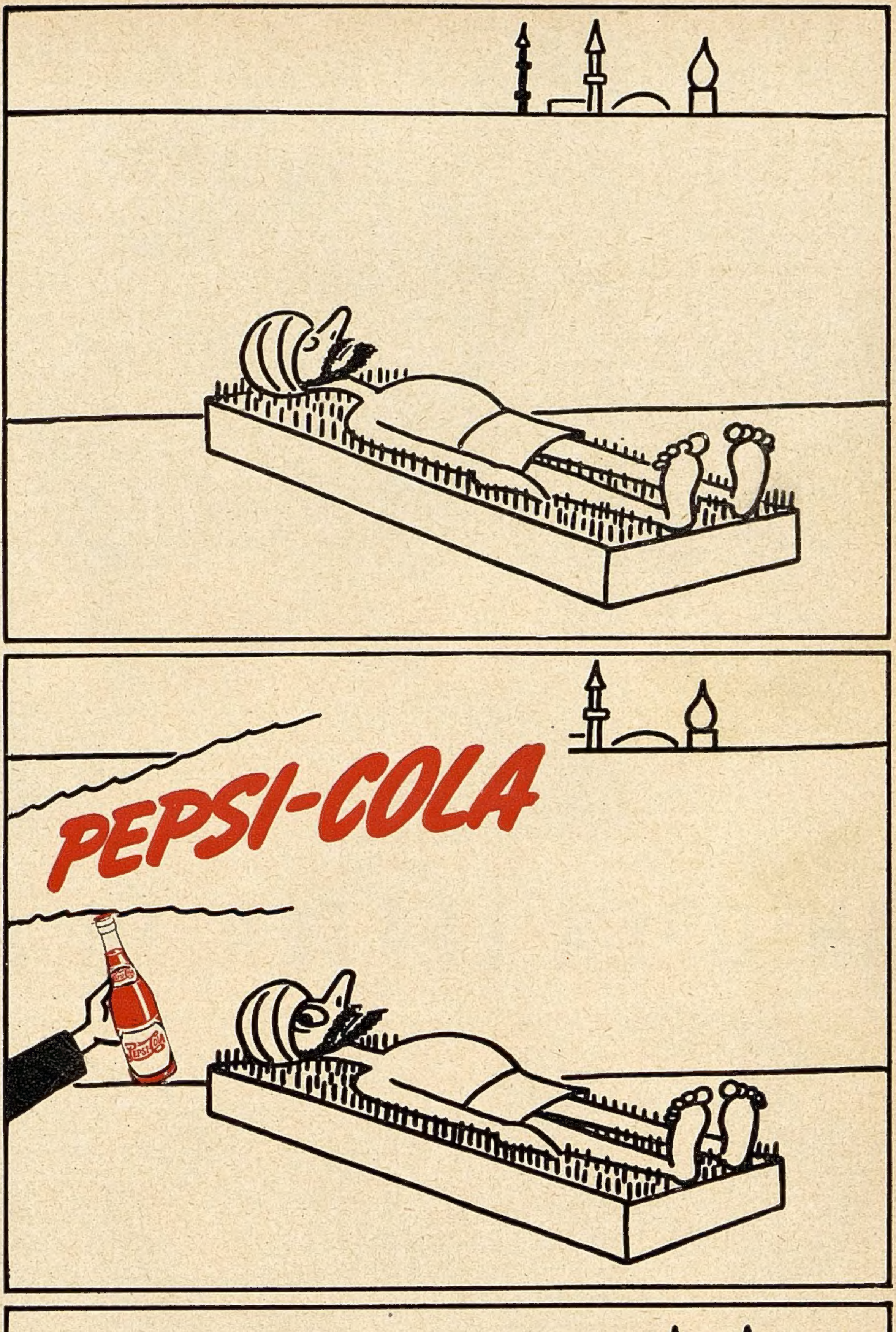


Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, world traveler, playwright, wit. Republican Congressional candidate in Fourth Congressional District, Connecticut.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CLARE LUCE

DEAR MRS. LUCE:

We can see you are pretty. We feel the spell of your charm. You sound intelligent. But on that last point we reserve judgment. Not that we doubt; we're just waiting to see.

Make no mistake about it—biting, brittle, satirical brilliance, fascinating though it may be, is not necessarily an index of intelligence.

It passes for intellect on the Broadway stage or in a New York night club. But now, Mrs. Luce, the chips are down. You are aspiring to a political career.

In addition to your undoubted talent for the witty wisecrack, do you possess the inherent sense of responsibility to God, your country, and yourself to represent the hopes and aspirations, the yearnings and strivings of the people you aspire to represent? If elected, Mrs. Luce, as we consider it likely you will be, are you prepared to cope with their problems? Is it in you to become the servant of the people instead of their entertainer? In short, is there substance behind your glittering exterior? Is there the strength of purpose, the courage, and the intellect to enable you to contribute to the welfare of your country?

Or will you be just the glamour girl of Congress?

We are at war, Mrs. Luce.

Your country is faced with supreme problems. Their solution requires wholehearted, self-sacrificing effort. We could use a sane, practical, clear-thinking congresswoman. Can you fill the bill?

Understand us, please. We are sincerely hopeful you can. But, to date, we find little evidence to sustain our hope.

Your keynote speech before the convention of the Republican Party of the State of Connecticut sparkled with tinkling alliterations, cynical phrases, devastating ridicule. But don't you think such expressions as "Washington is a madhouse run by its inmates" fall a little harshly on the ear of the worried and thoughtful citizen, the soldier or sailor, the worker on the production front?

People giggled, yes, and applauded. But what do they really think? What do *you* really think?

You know, of course, America is producing at a furious and ever-increasing pace; the best trained, best led, best equipped army in the world is in the making; we definitely are forging out the most overwhelming victory the world ever has known.

Mistakes there are, and inefficiencies, and no doubt many of the inhabitants of Washington do spend their time cutting out paper dolls. But there is also a great deal of careful planning, intelligent deciding, and honest accomplishment.

What you should do, Mrs. Luce, is come forth with some concrete suggestions for increasing the latter and cutting down the former.

Millions laughed at and applauded your play, The Women. They said, "It's terribly funny, but of course it isn't so." Last Presidential election, audience after audience howled at your wit—but when one asked them later what you had said, they couldn't tell; they didn't know. You hadn't *said* anything—nothing significant, nothing that registered. You were just the comic relief.

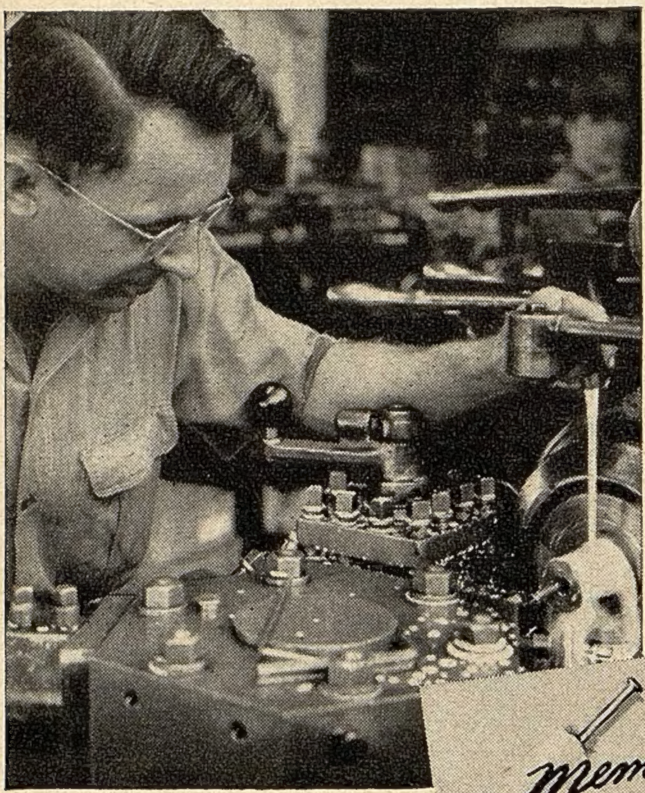
We refuse to believe this satisfies you. We prefer to think you aspire to more earnest applause than the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." We prefer to consider you as one of those brave, intelligent young people who will lead the Republican Party out of the morass of confusion and on to new and greater service to the country.

Don't let us down, please. It would be so fine to have a congresswoman who is pretty, charming, and at the same time able.

Sincerely,

Paul Hunter

Better Light - Better Sight - *Better Fight!*



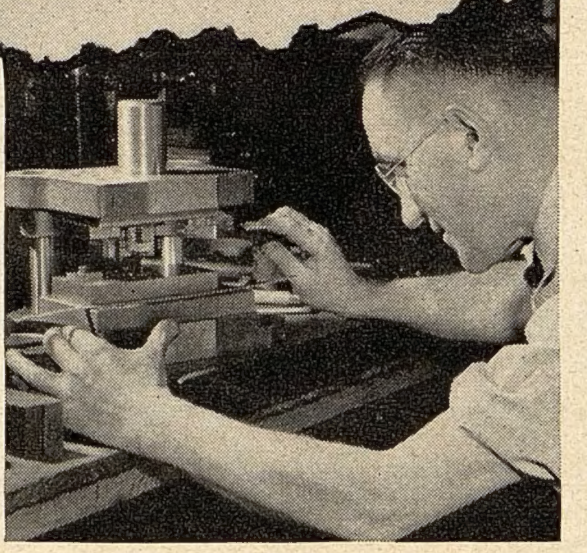
1 WALTER RABEL cuts gear blanks for diesel engines. Before they put in new lighting to speed production, he had to light matches to inspect the work. That took time. Now he can inspect at one quick glance. He says, "No shadows—no rejects!"

2 A PILOT'S LIFE hangs by her threads! When Theresa Myer sews panels into a parachute, it takes skill and attention to make every stitch perfect. And sewing white thread on white cloth is hard on the eyes. But not with cool, efficient G-E Fluorescent lighting. Like other aviation workers, Theresa now does better, faster work with less fatigue—thanks to better lighting.

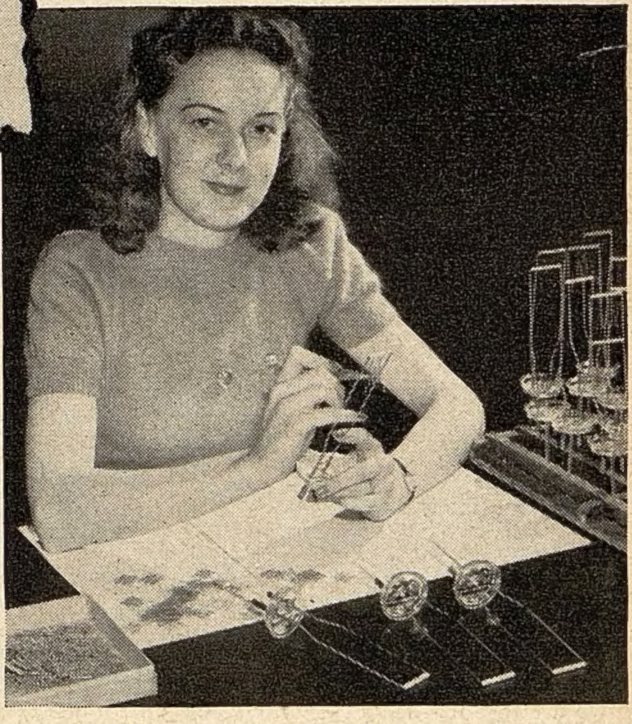
Memo-phone G-E today! Have lighting engineer call!

General Electric engineers are trained to uncover the lighting bottlenecks that slow up production. And it costs nothing to have their helpful advice. See your G-E lamp supplier, or write General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio today! Here's a useful tip. When you buy lamps, be sure to get the kind that are made to stay brighter longer. Always specify G-E MAZDA lamps.

3 FRANK TLOCZYNSKI grinds pistons for air compressors—vital parts in war machines. If they aren't accurate to as little as .0002 of an inch, they might hold up completion of some critical war equipment. Frank says absence of shadows makes G-E Fluorescent lighting perfect for machine work.



4 FRED BUESCHEL makes dies in his own die shop, "In cutting dies," he says, "we follow a pattern scratched on the metal. The line is so faint it's practically invisible in poor or glaring light. And one little mistake can spoil a die that takes 100 hours to cut. When I put in better lighting it was just like coming out of the dark!"



5 BETTY NALLY'S job makes all the others easier. She works in a G-E MAZDA lamp factory, and her nimble fingers speed one of hundreds of precision operations that help make G-E MAZDA lamps stay brighter longer. If you knew Betty—and the thousands of hours of research behind her job—you'd know why it pays to look for the G-E name on *every* lamp you buy!

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PEOPLE MUSTN'T STOP Singin

"If they did," said Mom, "it would be hard to remember what we're fighting for"—The story of a boy and his gallant heart, and what he learned about courage

BY HENRY STEIG

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE recruiting officer gave me a wise look. "When were you born?" he asked me.

"Nineteen twenty-four," I said, looking him right in the eye. And then I heard a laugh from some one in line behind me. Skinny Platt was there, and some other guys who knew me. Danville isn't a very big town.

"Can you prove it?" the sergeant wanted to know.

Red tape. That's the trouble with the army.

"A couple of years one way or the other, what's the odds?" I said. "Ain't I big enough?"

"Yeah," he said, "and you would've fooled me if not for the baby face."

A wise guy, and I don't like wise guys, but I controlled myself, even though everybody was laughing. I thought I still had a chance of talking some sense into that sergeant and I didn't want to cross myself up by getting thrown out of there.

"Listen," I said. "I ain't going to fight with my face. You got to take me. There's a special reason." I was thinking of my brother Walt. It was just a few days since we'd been notified that Walt had been killed in action. "C'm'on, be a good sport and let me join," I said.

"And have your mother come running to get you out again? I know how you feel, sonny, and I'm sorry, but nothing doing. Now be a nice kid and beat it. You're holding up the others."

What burned me up most was Skinny Platt giving me the horselaugh. Even though I was only sixteen, I was bigger and stronger and huskier than Skinny. I could break him in half. But they let him in because he was nineteen, and they kept me out because I happened to be born a couple of years too late. No sense to it. But I saw it was no use trying to buck army regulations.

I went out of the town hall thinking about Walt, who'd wanted to be a doctor. He was almost through with college last year, planning to enter med school, when he decided it could wait and dropped it all to enlist. I kept seeing Walt, the way he looked that last time he came home on leave before he was sent to Java. Walt in uniform at the farewell party, laughing as he always did, joking about the Japs. Then Walt saying good-by. And after that, nothing. Only a book about Java with pictures of strange people I couldn't fit Walt into. He had gone halfway around the world to that strange place, and he wasn't ever coming back, and there was nothing I could do about it. Nothing, I had to keep telling myself, so I wouldn't go and bat my head against a wall, because it was one of those times in a man's life when he feels he just has to do something or go crazy.

It was bright and warm, with the smell of plowed fields in the air. A perfect spring Saturday—like other Saturdays I couldn't forget when Walt and I used to go spearing suckers in the north brook. It was just about time for the suckers to be coming up from the lake to spawn, I remembered. And there would be bloodroots blossoming along the banks and trailing arbutus in the woods. The arbutus wasn't easy to find, but mom loved it, and every spring Walt and I would go into the woods looking for some to bring home. Things kept reminding me of Walt. It seemed he was following me around, but I knew he wasn't there. I was alone, and I didn't want to be alone.

I didn't know what to do with myself. I thought of playing the violin, but I was afraid to go home. It broke mom all up just to look at me, because I looked so much like Walt, she said. I didn't want her to cry any more, and I didn't want to bawl any more either.

I started down the hill from Central Avenue to the railroad station, thinking I'd kill some time watching them load freight cars with stuff from the munitions factory, maybe talk awhile with Mr. Gilly, the freight master. Then I heard the whistle of the 3.47, and I stopped, remembering what that sound did to me when I was a kid—when Walt used to take me to the station to watch the trains. How I'd start running, begging Walt to hurry or we'd miss seeing the big locomotive go through, and how Walt would laugh and take my hand, and then both of us would be running downhill like the wind.

It was things like that which had always made me feel closer to Walt than to Ralph. Walt had been five years older than me, and Ralph was thirteen years older. When Walt was still running around with me, teaching me to box and wrestle and walk on my hands, Ralph was already an experienced machinist and the mainstay of the family. He had had to take over when father died, and I guess that's what made him the serious kind of a guy he was.

He was too much older than me and too different from Walt for me to feel very close to him. And since we'd heard about Walt I felt further from Ralph than ever. I couldn't figure Ralph out. Walt was gone, dead, and there was Ralph working away at the machine shop just as always, just as if everything was still the same.

Things weren't right between Ralph and me, and I was lonesome and had to see him. I turned away from the railroad, went back up the hill and along Central Avenue to the Hollinger Tool and Machine Company.

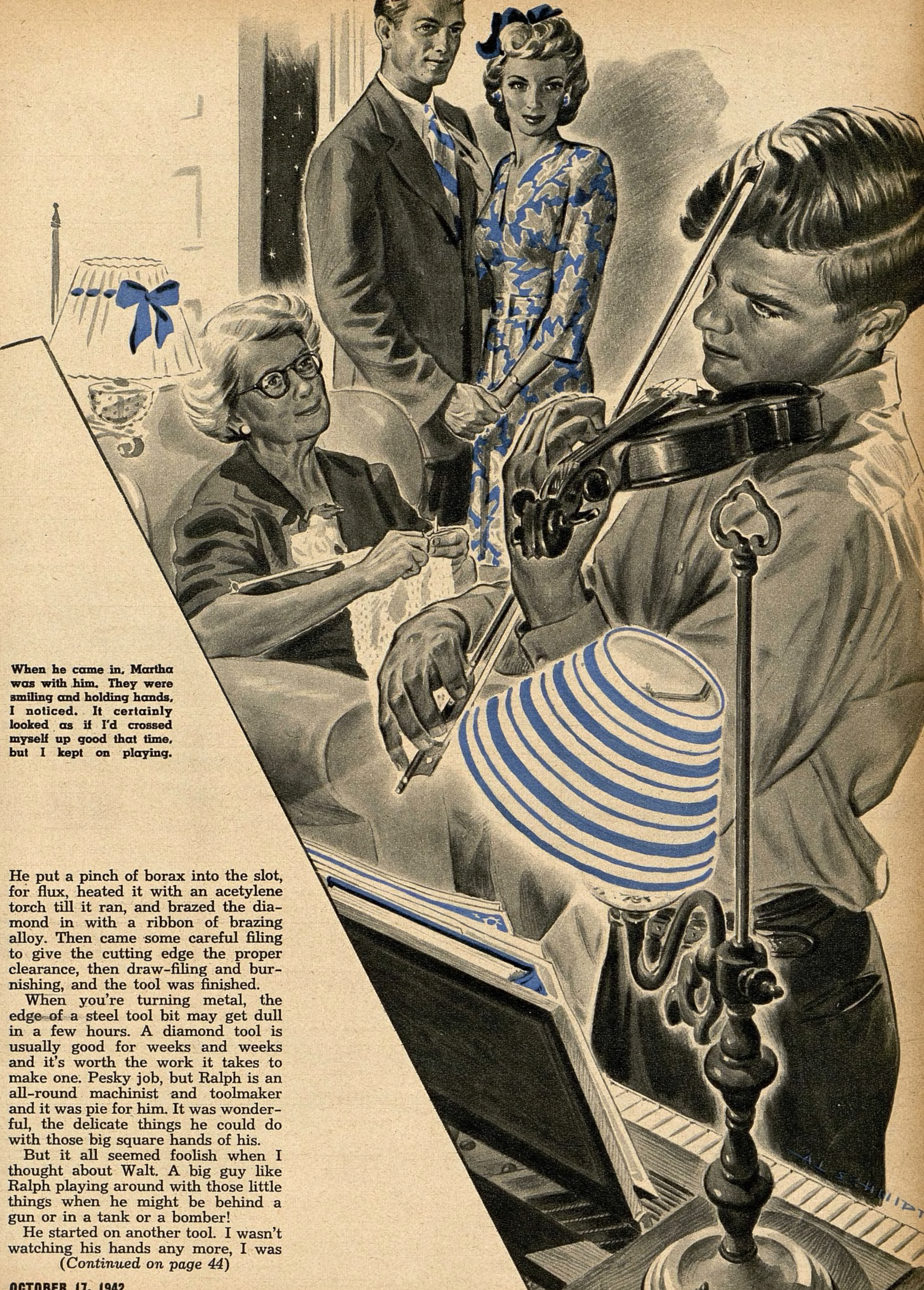
"'Lo, Timmy," Ralph said, but hardly looked up. He was starting something from a drawing.

"Hi, Ralph," I said. "What you got there?"

"Diamond lathe tool," he said, without taking his eyes off his work.

I took a look around the shop. There was old Mr. Hollinger himself; Ralph, who was foreman; and five other machinists. A couple of them were turning out small parts for new-type guns. Most of their work, though, was making various kinds of turning tools, some for the local munitions factory and some for out-of-town gun plants. It was all rated A-1-A. Hollinger had the shop on two shifts and he'd said he'd put it on three if he could find the men. All the machines were humming. Hollinger was looking at some blueprints, and the way he glanced at me over his specs, I guessed he was hoping I wouldn't ask any questions that day.

I went back to watch Ralph. He had a diamond about the size of a match head, rough except for one small chisel edge that had been ground on it. He measured the depth and thickness of the diamond with a micrometer. Then he got a piece of five-sixteenths square steel stock about three inches long, and across the end of it he milled a slot into which the diamond just fitted, with the chisel edge barely showing. To keep it in place he used some tiny bronze shims no thicker than paper, and tested its position with a protractor to see that the cutting angle was just right. Then he punched the metal on both sides of the diamond to hold it tight, examining it with a jeweler's glass and checking it again with the protractor.



When he came in, Martha was with him. They were smiling and holding hands, I noticed. It certainly looked as if I'd crossed myself up good that time, but I kept on playing.

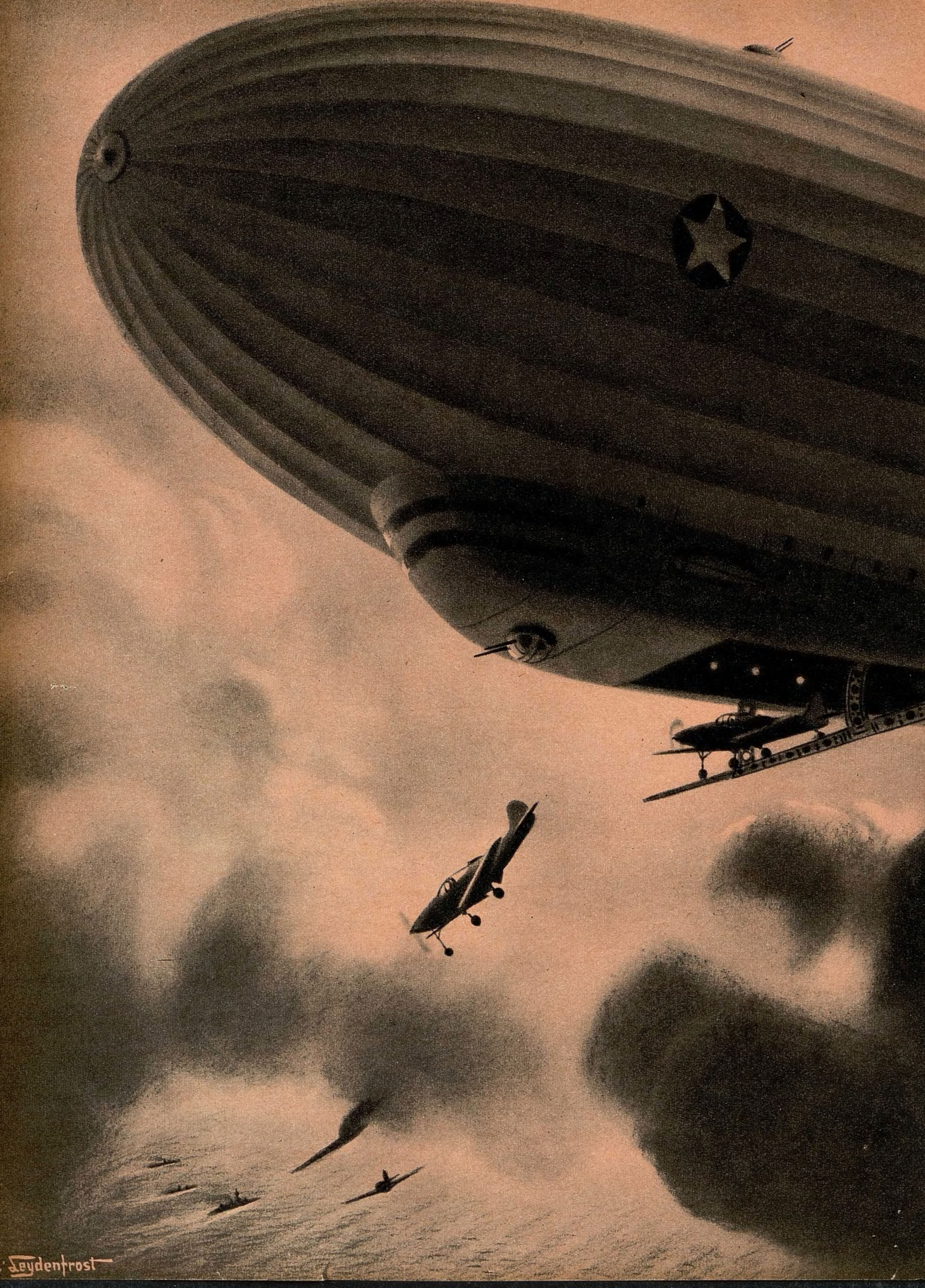
He put a pinch of borax into the slot, for flux, heated it with an acetylene torch till it ran, and brazed the diamond in with a ribbon of brazing alloy. Then came some careful filing to give the cutting edge the proper clearance, then draw-filing and burnishing, and the tool was finished.

When you're turning metal, the edge of a steel tool bit may get dull in a few hours. A diamond tool is usually good for weeks and weeks and it's worth the work it takes to make one. Pesky job, but Ralph is an all-round machinist and toolmaker and it was pie for him. It was wonderful, the delicate things he could do with those big square hands of his.

But it all seemed foolish when I thought about Walt. A big guy like Ralph playing around with those little things when he might be behind a gun or in a tank or a bomber!

He started on another tool. I wasn't watching his hands any more, I was

(*Continued on page 44*)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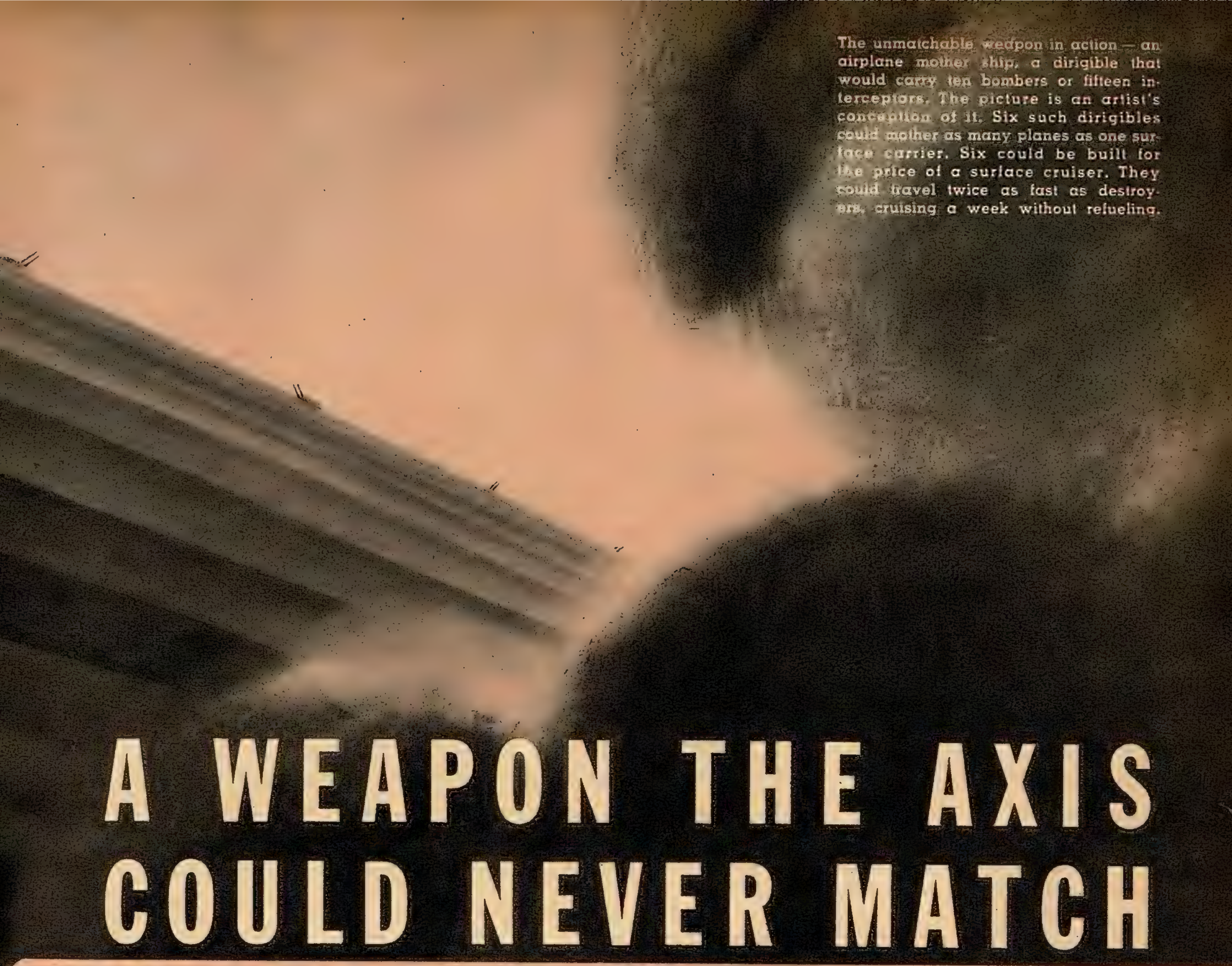

The unmatchable weapon in action—an airplane mother ship, a dirigible that would carry ten bombers or fifteen interceptors. The picture is an artist's conception of it. Six such dirigibles could mother as many planes as one surface carrier. Six could be built for the price of a surface cruiser. They could travel twice as fast as destroyers, cruising a week without refueling.

A WEAPON THE AXIS COULD NEVER MATCH

The Navy's Captain Rosendahl presents the challenging case for something new in war—aircraft carriers in the sky!

BY ALLAN CHASE

Published with the knowledge and permission of the Navy Department.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

NOT long ago, assuming command of a capital ship in the Pacific, Captain Charles Emery Rosendahl exposed the gold wings on his uniform to the salt spray of the sea for what may amount to the duration of the war. The transfer to sea duty of the nation's highest ranking officer in the lighter-than-air flying service will not, however, mean the end of the navy's airship program. As Rosendahl left Washington, Commander "Tex" Settle, one of the oldest airship pilots in the navy, was transferred from sea duty to take over Rosendahl's post in the Bureau of Aeronautics.

Airships are very much in this war for the duration, and under Commander Settle's direction many of the projects Rosendahl originated will become ugly realities for our enemies.

It was in May, 1940, that the then Secretary of the Navy, Charles Edison, took the lighter-than-air idea out of the doghouse when he assigned Rosendahl to serve in his office as adviser on airship problems. A month later Congress included a provision for forty-eight nonrigid naval patrol blimps in its Army and Navy Airplane Bill. In June of this year, only a few months after the new blimps started raising hell with enemy undersea and surface raiders in both oceans, Congress authorized the navy to build 200 new airships. It also lifted the previous ban on building rigid airships, something Rosendahl had been after for years.

And then, for the third time since he entered the airship service, Rosendahl found himself again transferred to sea. Regulations demand that an officer serve two years at sea at his present rank before becoming eligible for promotion, and Rosendahl is up for ranking as a rear admiral.

Like Billy Mitchell, Rosendahl had found the nation more willing to cheer him as a hero than to heed him as a prophet. He earned his hero's laurels in September, 1925, while serving as navigation officer on the Shenandoah, the first dirigible ever built by the United States Navy. Running into a line squall over Ava, Ohio, the experimental airship cracked in two. Rosendahl, trapped in the forward part of the ship with six other men, took command as the senior surviving officer. With incredible skill and coolness, he started to operate the floating hulk as a free balloon, and landed it safely after ordering the use of jackknives for emergency gas valves.

Commander Lansdowne and thirteen other officers and men crashed to their death in the other parts of the ship. While the nation mourned the Shenandoah and her dead, the fiery Billy Mitchell, smarting in "exile" as an air colonel in Texas, called in reporters and issued the famous statement which led to his court-martial. Mitchell, who had been campaigning for an up-to-date American air program since the armistice, seized upon the Shenandoah disaster as a peg on which to hang his whole series of denunciations of the elder statesmen

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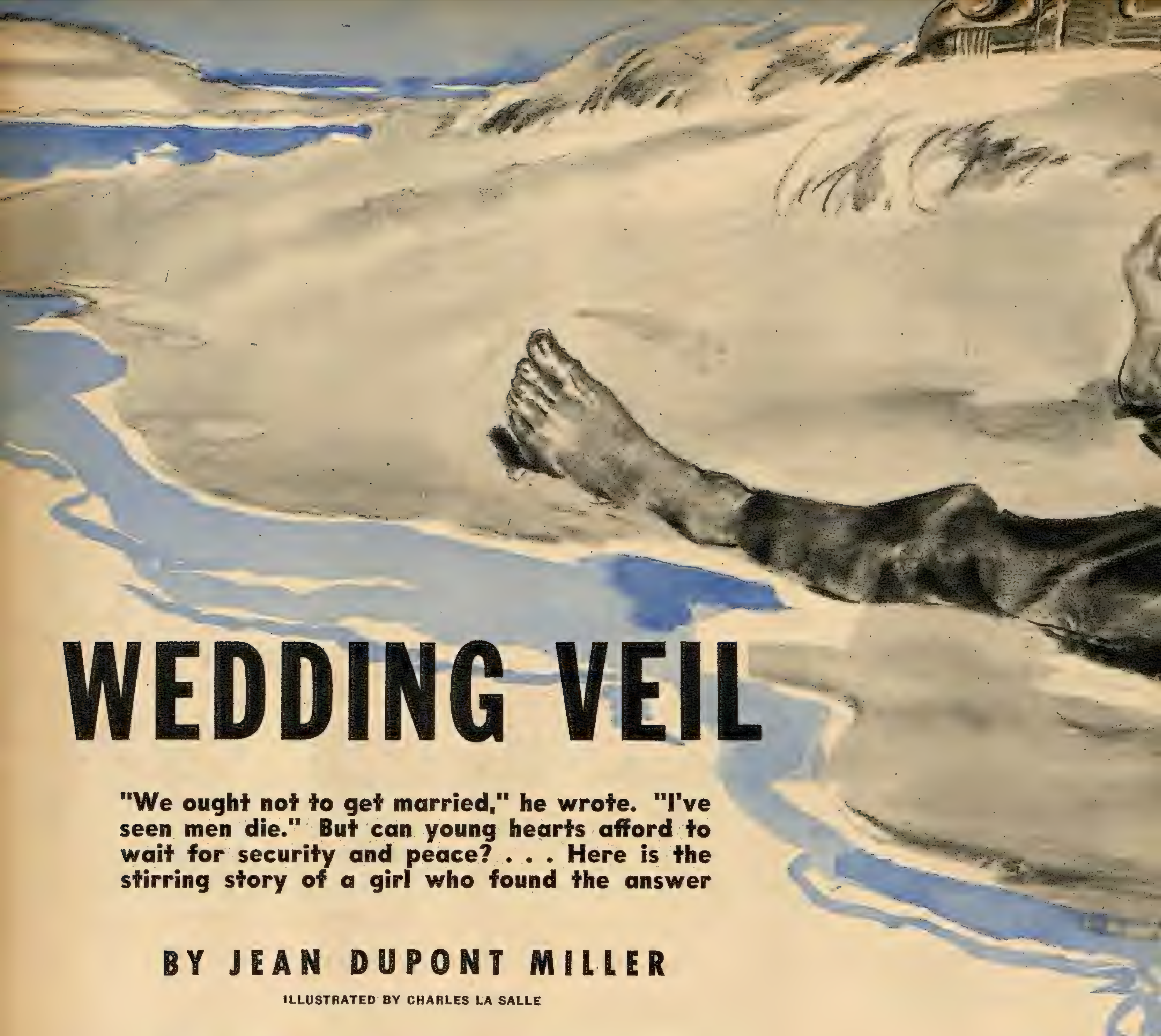


WEDDING VEIL

"We ought not to get married," he wrote. "I've seen men die." But can young hearts afford to wait for security and peace? . . . Here is the stirring story of a girl who found the answer

BY JEAN DUPONT MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

JUNE was glorious with roses and blue skies. June offered thirty lovely days for weddings. Only the year was wrong. It was a war year. Most of the bridegrooms were in uniform and many of them were on foreign shores. But, war or no war, Kit MacLaren had decided to be a June bride. This June. Even Hugo's letter, which lay in her breast pocket where she could feel his words burning into her heart, wasn't going to stop her.

Kit MacLaren was the baby of the MacLaren clan. Kit was the beauty. She was pale gold and lily white. Her blue eyes were deep-fringed with dark lashes; she was tall but at the same time fragile-looking. Men felt protective when they looked at Kit. Yet the fragility was deceptive. She played a crack game of tennis, and she had inherited, in feminine version, the firm chin of old Andy MacLaren, founder of the family fortune.

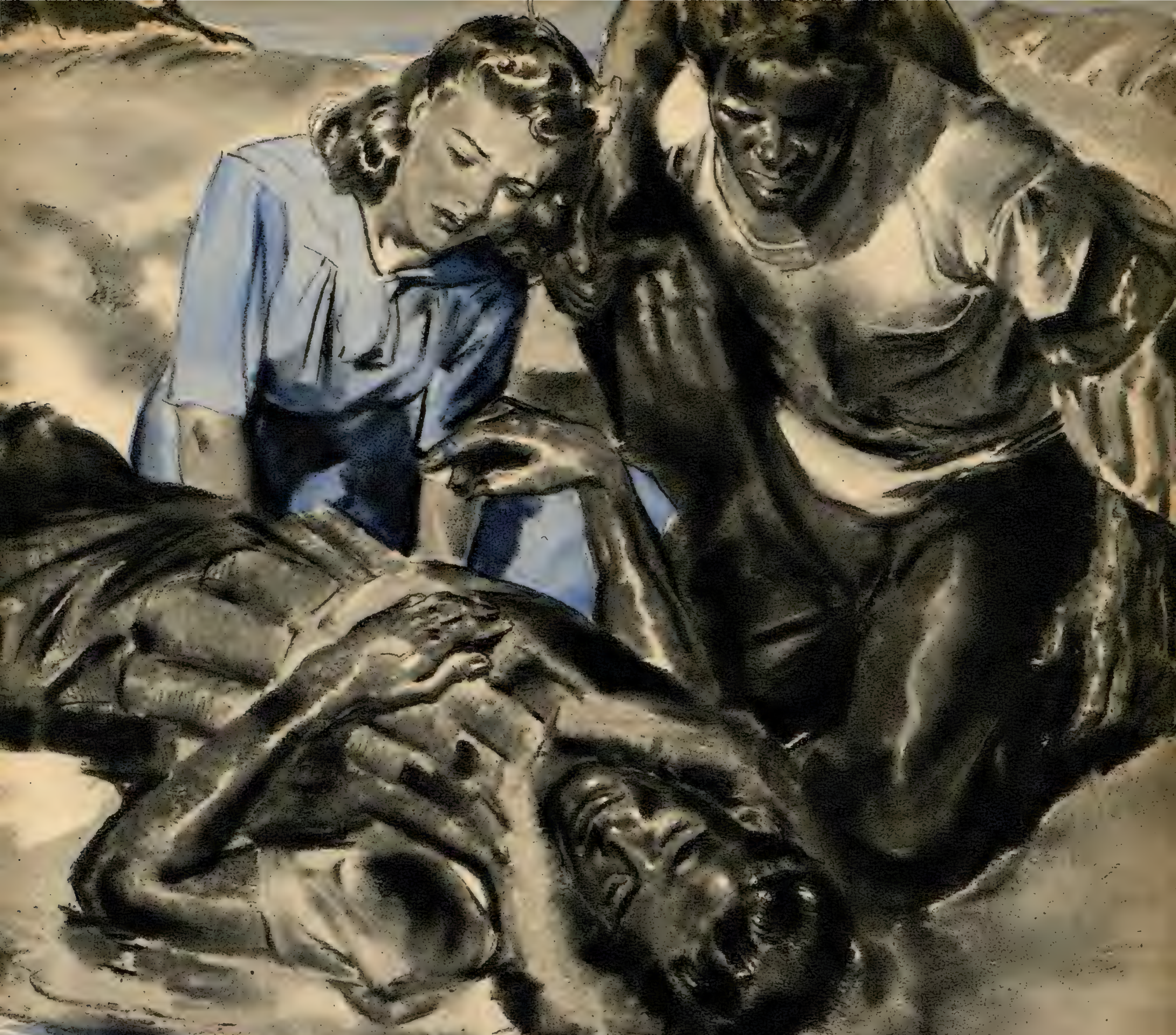
From the time she had been a very little girl, her aunts and her sisters had told her, "You were the bride this house was built for," and they painted a word picture of Kit coming down the wide, sweeping staircase in white satin and misty lace. Through the years this vision, so early conceived, lay in the back of Kit's mind. Yet here she was, going softly along the grass, keeping close by the hollyhocks, walking like a conspirator. Kit was eloping.

Moreover, it was not even a proper elopement, with a lover waiting in the shadows of a moonlit garden to take her in his arms, to rush her away to romance. She was forlornly by herself. The MacLarens were almost never alone. They didn't like being by themselves. They preferred the gay, turbulent, loving fellowship of other members of the family.

Kit put down her heavy traveling case but still clutched the large tissue-wrapped package on her arm. She looked back at Innerary and tears came into her eyes, a lump into her throat. The old house lay in the bright warm sunshine of noonday, and she loved every stone in its foundation, every window, every chimney. Then she hurried on to the garage, reminding herself that the hours were fleeting and each one was precious.

The sight of her black roadster was comforting. Her father had given it to her on her eighteenth birthday, and she had met Hugo Blakely a week later. Memories gay and dear came back to her. Her car with the top up, frost and snow outside, ski boots and the smell of wet furs inside, and a cozy world for two. Her car with the top down as they sped along a beach road, Hugo driving with one arm about her shoulder and a bright summer moon above them.

Locking her traveling case in the rear, she was thankful that she had been so conservative of gas and tires. It gave her a margin for this trip. But she must hurry. "Leave is up at five o'clock," Hugo had written, and it was after twelve now. So little—so very little—time in which to do so much! Hastily but carefully she put the large flat tissue-wrapped parcel on the shelf back of the seat. It was her wedding



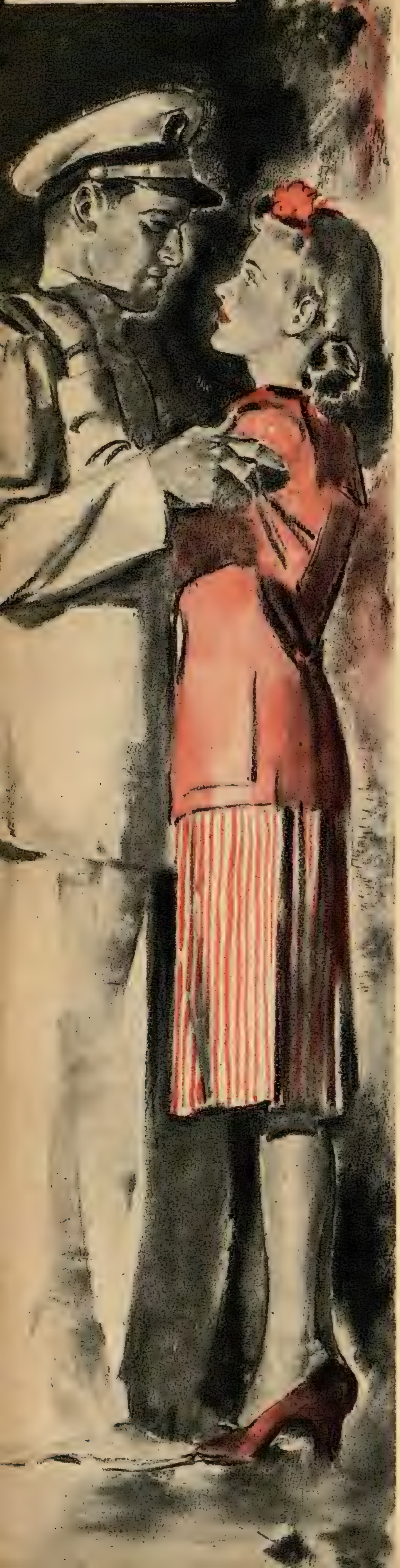
Kit and Eddie bent over him. Eddie was struggling to get out of his life jacket. "We hit a mine," he said. "Johnny here was thrown against a davit."

veil. It was more than that. It was a symbol of her defiance to all that Hugo had written in his letter. It was a talisman of victory.

She had planned her route carefully, choosing the shortest, most direct way to the Quonset Naval Air Station. Now, driving along, she thought over Hugo's letter. She hadn't seen him for many months, but she was as vividly aware of him as if he were sitting beside her. He was big, with the heavy shoulders of a fullback. He had deepset gray eyes in a lean, forceful face. His hair was black and straight, and one lock habitually strayed over his forehead whenever he was excited or absorbed, or when he danced. For all his size, he was a wonderful dancer.

They had met in the silliest casual way. Deedee Falkner's brother had flown up from Princeton with a fellow senior who belonged to the aviation club. Kit, running over to borrow a knitting pattern, had been in a short tennis dress, rumpled from three hard sets, and her hair had been a tousled

He said slowly, "I was wrong —dead wrong. I'm sorry. Will you forgive me, darling?"



fright. But it hadn't mattered. Almost from the moment their eyes had met, they'd been so sure, she and Hugo. All through the months that followed they had kept on being sure that all they wanted in this world was a life together.

Their engagement had been announced at Innerary at the sort of exuberant family gathering which was typical of any MacLaren ceremony, holiday or anniversary. Then Hugo went off to Pensacola to get his navy wings. None of the MacLaren girls had ever married a seafaring man. They had married doctors, lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen farmers, generally living within a reasonable distance of Innerary. Thus the newcomers were easily absorbed into the clan, learned to accept its rites and the matriarchy of Grandma MacLaren, who held sway by methods smooth as silk, firm as granite.

It was somewhat of a shock to the family to realize that Kit's young man, whom they liked, was not only destined to be a sailor but an aviator as well. What sort of life could their darling possibly have? They took what comfort they could in two thoughts: While Hugo was sailing the seas Kit could stay right at home with them, so they wouldn't really lose her. And the color and pageantry of a naval wedding would really set off the beauty of the loveliest bride Innerary had ever known. Grandma MacLaren proceeded to order the trousseau.

IT was the fall when storm clouds were gathering but Americans still hoped for a miracle of peace. Young people danced and made their plans and dreamed their dreams. Hugo's skipper had promised him Christmas leave. Grandma MacLaren thought that a Christmas wedding would really be the peak of any celebration the family had ever had.

Hugo's squadron had been based at Floyd Bennett Field when, on a Sunday in December, Kit went down to have lunch with him aboard a destroyer, which was also an aircraft tender, the U. S. S. Ely, tied up at Brooklyn Navy Yard. "If you're going to be a sailor's wife you'd better get a little salt in your system," Hugo had told her. "We live on board the tender when we're operating from an advance base, you know."

It had been Kit's first time on a navy ship. It was exciting. There were other girls as lunch guests, and the little wardroom had a festive air in contrast to the somber war paint on the destroyer's sleek hull. There were chintz cushions on the lockers, chintz curtains at the portholes. The homelike touch, all determinedly bright and gay and bravely incongruous. After everybody had met everybody else's best girl, they sat down to lunch at half past one. The men bantered back and forth with the easy camaraderie of their common service. The girls had watched for their cues in a masculine world that was completely different from the world ashore.

Suddenly the door had opened, and a young officer, the officer of the deck, stood in the doorway. His face had been so white, his expression so grim, that a sudden silence had fallen on everybody at the table.

"The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor!" he had announced.

There had been a moment of stunned silence. Then somebody had whistled. Somebody had said, "This is it!" One of the officers had switched on the radio. From that moment Kit had realized that she, and the other girls, were as superfluous in that room as the chintz draperies. Presently they had been escorted out to their cars or to taxis waiting at the gate. At Kit's car, Hugo had taken her hand. "Listen, honey. Don't go home. Go uptown and take a room in a hotel. Maybe I can get away tomorrow morning and we'll be married at the city hall. I'm sure I can get a special license."

SHE had looked at him with incredulity. "Oh, you can't mean that! We couldn't get married that way!"

"Why not? Kit, this means war."

"But the family! They'd never forgive me. Our lovely, lovely wedding. Surely there will be time for that."

"Maybe—maybe not."

Tears had come into her eyes, and he had put a finger on one teardrop and traced its course down her cheek,

"Does this wedding business mean so much to you?"

"Yes, it does. Oh, Hugo, I want our life together to start out in loveliness and beauty!"

He had looked at her thoughtfully. Then he had said, in a new, strange voice, "I'm sorry. It was a screwy idea. Go on home and I'll let you know how things are as soon as I can."

Ten days later, Hugo's voice had come to her over the telephone. He had named a hotel in Providence. She was to meet him there on the morrow. "We're going away soon, Kit. Don't delay. I'll have a license and a minister located. That's all we'll really need. No fuss and feathers. Do you understand, Kit?"

She had said, "Yes; I'll be there."

Grandma MacLaren had taken the telephone receiver from Kit's nerveless fingers and she had made the plans. "He didn't say what time of day," she had decided, "and all of us can be there by evening. We'll take a large suite at the hotel." In a sort of daze Kit had watched her go on planning, telephoning, issuing instructions. She was a superb organizer, but she had never had to pit her skill against the United States Navy in wartime. When Kit arrived, late in the afternoon, she found a note from Hugo at the hotel:

> All leaves were canceled today at noon. We're shoving off under sealed orders. Drive out to the Air Station and meet me at the gate. Maybe some day there will be an end to good-bys, sweetheart.

But nothing had ever loomed so large, so implacable, as that farewell. Standing in the shelter of her car, hidden from the sentry's gaze, deep in

Hugo's arms, so that the brass buttons of his blue overcoat pressed into her face, Kit had been overcome with such regret as she had never known before. Why hadn't she done what he had asked her to do that day in New York, the day of Pearl Harbor? With his lips against hers in farewell, she resolved, This shan't happen again. We'll belong to each other before we say good-by another time.

Hugo had echoed her thought: "Darling, as soon as I get back we'll be married."

She had kept that thought in her heart during the months of First Aid classes, Motor Corps hours, U. S. O. work. But in the letter which had come that morning, and which she had read until she knew it by heart, he had said:

Kit darling:

I'm back at Quonset on a quick trip. Landed last night after a flight I'll tell you about some day. It would have curled the feathers on a duck and frozen the whiskers of a walrus. Don't know just when we'll go again, but leave is up at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

You probably wonder why I didn't rush to the telephone to talk with you. I wanted to more than I can tell you. But I thought I'd better get something off my chest first. Maybe, after you've heard, you won't want to talk to me or see me. Honey, please try to understand.

Kit, I've come back feeling that we ought not to get married until this is all over. It doesn't seem fair to you. Of course I know that we've talked about this before, so it is old stuff, in a way. But now that I've seen what war is really like, now that I've seen men die, I feel more strongly than ever that I don't want it to be your husband who gets it. I'd rather it would be just the guy you can lay away in lavender and old lace in your memories.

Then there is another thing. I'm afraid this is going to be a long war. We're bound to change, and maybe you won't like the man I am when I come back. You wouldn't tell me so, I know. You'd have to keep faith with the returned hero and all that sort of stuff. Maybe it would be a lot better if I just put you up ahead where Victory is—two stars at the end of a long road.

Don't get the feeble idea that I've fallen for an Icelandic maiden or anything like that. Right now I want to kiss you, to hold you against my heart, more than anything I've ever wanted. But first I thought I'd better let you know the way I look at things.

HUGO.

KIT'S immediate reaction was incredulity. After the long months of waiting, of alternate hope and fear! Then, in quick succession, she had gone the gamut of disappointment, hurt pride, anger. Her first impulse had been to rush to the telephone and speak with him, but she didn't do it. He had told her once that phones were often not in booths but exposed to the interested ears of other flyers.

Gradually, as she drove along the highway, her wrath and her hurt subsided and calm reasonableness took possession of her. They *would* be married as they had planned. Hugo was exhausted. He had been emotionally affected by what he had been through. She decided to discard all but the last paragraph of his letter. If he really felt as he said he did, all she needed to do was to suddenly appear and this strange mood would evaporate.

Trucks, buses, and jeeps hurtled along the road, but there were few private cars. A bus coming in Kit's direction stopped at an intersection about a quarter of a mile away, picking up passengers. As it passed her, she noticed, idly, that it was bound for New York. A moment later she was at the point where it had stopped. A woman running frantically out of the side road tripped and fell. Automatically Kit stopped her car and, hurrying across the road, helped her up, asking, "Are you hurt?" "No, just shaken. Oh, but I can't miss that bus! The next one will make me too late."

SHE was tall and slim. She must have been very beautiful when she was young, and she was lovely now, with wings of silver over her temples, against her black hair. There were tears of dismay in her dark eyes. Kit spoke impulsively: "Can I help you at all?"

Hope lighted the woman's face. "Would you? If you could run me over to Tilton, I'm sure I could get the shore-line bus to New York in half an hour. I could still make La-Guardia Field on time."

Kit knew a moment's regret. This business would take at least thirty precious minutes, if not longer. But she couldn't back down now. "Come on," she said, making her voice sound cordial.

Settling herself beside Kit, the woman said, "I'm Audrey Steele." Kit, introducing herself, thought, She's meeting somebody special. A man. It was not only in the woman's happy glow of expectancy, but in the clothes she wore, a pretty feminine white hat, a smooth smart black frock with crisp lace-edged ruffles. A gala frock, not a traveling costume.

Mrs. Steele confirmed Kit's hunch. "Stupid to be so upset about missing a bus, but I'm going to meet my husband, whom I haven't seen for three years!"

Kit regarded her, aghast. "Three years! Is he in the service?"

"Not military service. He's with the State Department. We were in Bagdad when the war broke out. I stayed through the first autumn, but during the winter Tom sent me home. He had a feeling that the 'phony' war wouldn't stay phony, and he wanted me to go back to the States."

"I would much rather have stayed there!" cried Kit.

"So should I," agreed Mrs. Steele.

"Wasn't there anything either of you could do about it? Couldn't he be transferred?"

"Oh, no. His work is more important than our being together. You see, he is an expert on the languages of the Middle East and he has many friends—Arabs; Persians; Egyptians. Through them he has helped forestall several Axis schemes."

"But how hard these years must have been for you!"

"Yes. We've had other partings, but this has been the longest. You should know about separation, too." Aubrey Steele looked down at the miniature gold navy wings over Kit MacLaren's heart.

"I do. My fiancé has been away and I'm on my way to meet him. We're going to be married."

"How fine! Well, take a tip from an old girl, and remember that, besides courage, separations call for hard work."

"Work?"

"Oh, yes. For a woman. Almost invariably the man has the dangerous end of a separation; but it is also exciting, stimulating, purposeful. The woman is left with the dead weight of monotony, lonesomeness, anxiety, boredom. You have to work against them with everything you have."

Kit said, "Oh," and thought of Hugo's letter. "Are you saying that the man changes but the girl doesn't?"

"Often. It sounds cynical, but it's true that a man often comes back to find that the girl he left behind him still *is* behind him—way behind."

They had reached Tilton and the bus station. Mrs. Steele alighted, exclaimed happily, "See the crowd waiting. I'm going to make it! I appreciate your help so much. I couldn't bear to think of the look on Tom's face if I shouldn't be there when he steps from the plane." She touched Kit's wings. "Good luck, my dear."

DRIVING on, Kit decided not to go back to the highway. She knew the shore road very well, as she had spent many summers along this stretch of seaside. The road was narrower and winding, but it would take her directly to Quonset, so that in the end she would not lose much time. She felt unaccountably depressed, and she was irritated that the chance words of a stranger could affect her so. But she had to admit that during the months past she had not actually thought much about what was happening to Hugo. She had worried about his safety; she had been dreadfully lonesome for him; she had missed their gaiety together. But she had never considered what the experience of war might be doing to his heart and his mind. Now she realized that such consideration was very much a part of a woman's love for a man. An important part.

She thought over the things she had written to him. Her letters sounded, in retrospect, very immature. In the strange letter she had received from him, the one which was folded in her breast pocket, he had said, "Now that I've seen men die"—and she realized suddenly that the phrase covered so much, so very much. How must her plaints of loneliness, her longing for the playdays, the parties they'd had together, sound to him? She shivered a little, suddenly not so sure of herself—suddenly a little frightened.

There were few people on the highway and because of the dimout many hotels and summer homes were boarded up. In any case, the fog and the chill in the air made it a poor day for swimming. Consequently Kit's attention was arrested, as she proceeded along this lonely stretch, by the sight of two men in the breakers. At first she thought they had some strange type of surfboard. But there was something peculiar about their positions, about the shape of the board.

As she watched, a breaker caught their craft, upending it and tumbling the men off. She realized that it was a life raft. Presently they came out of the water, one man's arm about the shoulders of the other, stumbling, staggering, as they came. Kit took in the whole picture now. They were clothed and they wore life jackets. It all formed a pattern. It fitted the description that she and millions of other Americans had been reading for bitter months. She had not doubted the newspaper accounts, but it was hard to believe she was actually seeing what she had been reading about. Her voice was incredulous as she cried, "They're sailors! They've been torpedoed!" She knew now why there was a scum of oil on the beach.

She pulled the car to one side, stopped, jumped out and ran across the road. As she did so she was conscious of repetition of that first interruption when she had run across to Mrs. Steele. A small voice inside her wailed, "You'll be too late. You won't see Hugo!" Then she was abreast of the men and forgot everything else.

They were utterly and completely exhausted. Their faces, their clothes were covered with oil. The big one appeared in better condition than his small dark Slavic-looking companion, whom he was helping along. In a voice amazingly gentle, the big one was pleading, "Buck up, Johnny. We made it! Hang on to Big Eddie and I'll have a sawbones right away. Come on, now, Johnny—"

But Johnny couldn't go any farther. His knees buckled under him and he sank to the sand. Kit and Big Eddie bent over him. Eddie was struggling to get out of his life jacket.

"We hit a mine," he said. "Johnny here was thrown against a davit."

Kit realized now that, along with the oil on Johnny's head, there was a dark crimson spread of dried blood, and his right arm was limp. The big seaman started to put the sodden jacket under his friend's head. It galvanized the girl into action.

"No, don't do that," she cried. "Wait a minute."

She was on her feet and racing to the car. She hesitated for only a moment. Her suitcase was locked in the rear, but the wedding veil was in easy reach of her hand. She grabbed it, tearing off the tissue wrappings as she ran back to the sailors.

"Let me have your knife," she said to Big Eddie, who was sitting on the sand by his shipmate, his head in his hands. Kit hesitated for just the barest second, the point of the knife poised above the lovely lace. Then she slashed into the material, cutting it into a scarf, into the strips that she needed.

As she worked, Eddie asked, "Where'd we come in? Around Point Judith was where I figured."

"You're west of Point Judith."

"Can you get me to a navy station, miss, after we get Johnny here to a hospital? Maybe there's some more guys off the ship floating around in the fog. Anyhow, I got to report about the ship and tell 'em those damn skunks have got mines planted hereabouts."

"I'm on my way to Quonset Naval Air Station now. That's the nearest hospital and the nearest naval authority. Suppose I take you both there."

She drove the car as near to where Johnny lay as she could. She and Big Eddie lifted him into the front seat. To her great relief, Kit found a couple of lap robes in the rear. One of these they wrapped about the unconscious Johnny, the other about Eddie, whose teeth were chattering from reaction to chill and exhaustion. Now, as she started, Kit gave no thought to conserving tires. This was an emergency that called for speed.

Once she turned to look at Big Eddie, and she saw tears in his sunken, bloodshot eyes. He said, "I lost my kid brother in that, miss. I saw him but I couldn't get to him. He was sucked down when the old tub went. I couldn't get to him. He was a merchant marine cadet. He was a smart kid, miss, not just a punk like me. He was going to be an officer some day."

Then Big Eddie started swearing in a low, heartfelt tone that had more of prayer in it than of anathema, more of resolution than of grief, a tone that promised, "I'm going back again! They can't stop me!"

So here, Kit knew, was really war. Here were "blood, and sweat, and tears." They were with her in her car—the car in which she had raced along this same road so many times before in gay holiday mood. She realized that neither she nor her family had known—really known, in their hearts—what the war was like. They had given their money generously, their time, their moral support. But they had not given up what they held most dear—their family rites, their private plans, themselves.

What a fool she had been—the girl who had put her wedding veil in the car, who had figured her time and her route so carefully. The journey to her wedding! She hadn't been courageous enough, that day in New York, to cast out unimportant considerations. She hadn't been mature enough, that time later, to defy her grandmother and go immediately and swiftly to Hugo. Now, at last, she understood the full meaning of his letter. She would find him and tell him so. That much, at least, she owed him.

Reaching the Naval Air Station, she told her story to the sentry, and to the officer whom he summoned—a story quickly corroborated by one look at her passengers. Reaching the dispensary, she asked an officer, "Would you tell Ensign Hugo Blakely of Patrol Squadron 98, that Kit MacLaren is at the dispensary?"

While Johnny and Big Eddie were put to bed, she answered questions which were preliminary to the questions they would ask the seamen. Where had she found them? How? What condition were they in? What had they told her? When she had finished and they had released her, a medical corps man told her that Ensign Blakely was in the outpatient waiting room. So there wasn't time to powder her nose, apply fresh lipstick, comb her hair. There wasn't even time to wash her face, which she knew was smudged, or to try to remove the oil stains that her dress had acquired. She didn't even care!

Except for Hugo, the little waiting room was blessedly empty. They looked at each other for a long moment, trying to look, across the months and the waiting, into each other's heart. Then Hugo asked, "Are you angry with me, Kit, because I had to tell you the truth in my letter?"

She had a feeling of infinite tenderness for him, a feeling she had never known before. For the first time, she seemed older and even wiser about some things. She said softly, "But you *didn't* tell me the truth, Hugo. When you said that you didn't want the war to hurt me, you meant that you thought I wasn't grown-up enough, that I couldn't take it, didn't you?"

He didn't deny it. He didn't need to. His eyes answered for him.

"When you said you might change, you knew you *had already* changed, but you expected I would stay the same, all set to music and gaiety and bright skies—didn't you?"

"Yes; I guess you're right." His mouth was taut, and she saw now that there were lines about his eyes that hadn't been there when he went away.

"A spun-sugar girl to make a playtime wife—and your head told you that this isn't the age for a wife who has to be petted and spoiled."

Hugo stared at her. Then a wonderful smile broke over his face, lighting his eyes, and he said slowly, "I was wrong—dead wrong. Otherwise you wouldn't have known all this. I'm sorry. Will you forgive me, darling?"

She smiled back at him. "There's nothing to forgive, because you were right."

"We're here for twenty-four hours more. I have that special license from the last time we tried, and there's a chaplain on the station. Will you?"

Kit said, "Of course."

"There won't be any trimmings," Hugo warned.

Kit pointed in the direction of the dispensary door. "Johnny was wearing my wedding veil last time I saw it."

Hugo opened his arms and she walked into them. He said, "Tear up that letter—that stupid letter!"

Against his heart, she shook her head. "No. I'm keeping it. I'm going to read it when you're gone next time. It'll help me to remember lots of things."

THE END

IS JOE LOUIS' CROWN IN DANGER AT LAST?

Private Billy Conn and Sergeant Joe Louis talking it over beforehand. Background: Conn (at left) arguing with Tony Zale.

Some wiseacres think so . . . but Mr. Manassa Mauler of the good old days predicts another disaster for Mr. Conn

BY JACK DEMPSEY

AS TOLD TO NED BROWN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THIS fighting game is a funny business. Its annals are full of instances of one battler getting a fixed idea that he can beat another—an idea that stubbornly remains no matter how many tests prove that he can't.

Bill Brennan till his dying day was sure he could beat me, Johnny Dundee to this day is convinced that he always could beat Benny Leonard, and Ted "Kid" Lewis obstinately persisted in the belief that he always was Jack Britton's master.

The facts—that I knocked out Brennan on the two occasions we met; that Leonard invariably outpointed Dundee in eight excitingly close contests; that Britton consistently outboxed and outfought Lewis in nearly all of their numerous clashes—never convinced any of these losers. They clung to the belief that they had won, regardless of the decision; or, in the cases of Brennan and Lewis, that they had been winning when they got knocked out. The K. O., they insisted, was "just an accident."

Therefore I know Billy Conn does fervently believe what he told me recently about his impending battle for the heavyweight championship.

"This time," he said, "I'm going to do what I should have done in my first fight with Louis—outbox him, wear him out, and cut him down when he becomes exhausted like he did before. It was Joe who was tired in that thirteenth round, not me. The licking I gave him in the twelfth round had taken a lot out of him. That was the round I almost got him. I had the better of the first two minutes of that thirteenth round. He was the luckiest guy in the world to clip me like he did when I was so far out in front.

"It was a clean knockdown, all right, but I wasn't knocked out. I knew what I was doing all the time. I deliberately took the count of nine, and when I got up I was fit and ready to go on. I even said to Joe—and he'll tell you I said it—'Come on, Brown Boy, *now* you've got to fight!' But Eddie Josephs, the referee, stopped the fight with only two seconds of the round to go. Don't you think I'd have been all right with that minute's rest? You bet I would. You ought to know—you've been through things like that yourself.

"Well, I'll see that nothing of that kind happens again. This time, Jack, I'll have an added incentive—two, in fact—to urge me on. I mean my wife and baby son. And, no matter what you and others may think, I'll be the best conditioned man who ever stepped into the ring to battle for the heavyweight title. This army life has done wonders for me. I know in my heart that I can beat Joe Louis. And I'll bet you that in *his* heart Joe knows it too!"

WELL, that "ain't the way I heared it" from Joe.

"I guess Conn's about the best fighter I met since I been champion," Joe said. "He gave me plenty of work, and doan' let anybody tell you that boy can't hit hard. He can hit plenty hard. He pop' me a couple that made me see stars. And he took some very hard punches—lot more punches than most people thought. I hit him some good licks in the stomach, but he took 'em and kept on comin'.

"Course I'll beat him again. But he's a nice fighter. I think he can do a good job on any of the other fellows around today—when he's a mind to."

"What do you mean—when he's a mind to?" I asked.

"Well, he's a cocky feller, Conn is, and maybe he held some of the boys he met cheap and didn't train very hard for them. Besides, he's one of those decision fighters, that pace themselves according to the man they're fighting. They fight just hard enough to win. But the main thing is, they do win. I expect Conn to fight much better against me than he would against—well, say Henny Cooper, for instance."

There's one thing about Louis, he never speaks disparagingly of an opponent. The only one he ever was really sore at, I think, was Max Schmeling. And, boy, did he do a job on the German!

Now that both sides have presented their cases, let me put in my two cents' worth. I think Joe Louis will do the same kind of repeat job on Billy Conn that he has done on all the other battlers who have "marched again" in the Joe Louis Hit Parade—knock him out more quickly and decisively than he did the first time.

The figures show that the fighters who repeated with Louis lasted an average of four and a fraction rounds in their second session with him. At that rate, Bill ought to get bashed in the fifth round. Admitting that he outboxed Louis that first time, the fact remains that Joe battered him severely about the body and clipped him on the jaw several times in the course of the bout. These punches, even though he apparently weathered them well, must have hurt him considerably. The half dozen or so "finishing touches" on the jaw didn't do him any good, either. I believe Conn was hurt worse than the experts at the ringside realized, and he may show the effects when they meet again.

In his last fight with Abe Simon, Louis looked stronger and more rugged to me, but he missed too many punches for a heavyweight champion of the world. Some of the experts blamed this fault on his training regime in the army and declared he was slipping. I disagree with them. I did think he had lost something in speed and accuracy, but he had gained in power and stamina, and that was what he needed against Simon.

I think in this coming fight Joe will be better able to withstand Conn's best punch, a left hook to the jaw, and will have even more power than before in his own wallops. To be sure, Conn being in the service too, the same things apply to him. I think through his army life Conn has gained in strength and power, but he may have lost some of his boxing sharpness. This last was his stock in trade, for he can't hope to become a match for Louis in power and punching ability.

In their previous battle Louis weighed 198½ pounds to Conn's 176. For a couple of years the wiseacres have been saying that Conn was the logical one to take Joe's title "if Billy could only take on ten pounds or so." Well, it seems Bill *has* taken on weight, and it remains to be seen how much of this added poundage will stick to him when he finally dries out for the battle. I don't believe he is the type to take on weight and still retain his full fighting effectiveness.

I KNOW the army training has toughened both Conn and Louis. I know what the military physical training does for the men—I see the fine results produced every day—and I know both will be harder to lick than ever. I look for less science and more gore in this fight. Their training has made them sturdier and maybe a bit slower.

While Joe has missed his old crony and trainer, the late Jack Blackburn, "Chappy," he has the efficient Manny Seaman as his trainer. Manny trained Benny Leonard when Benny ruled the lightweight roost, and trained Joe for his last fight. He also assisted Blackburn before several of Joe's other fights.

Since Louis and Conn met on June 18 last year, Conn has had three "fights," has taken on Jay D. Turner, Henry Cooper, and Tony Zale. All of them went the limit with him. Cooper boasted the impressive record of *one* decision victory in the two years preceding his meeting with Conn. It was the only one in a total of sixteen fights; in the other fifteen he was beaten, three times by knockouts. Turner in the same period scored three decision victories in nine fights, losing the decision in two of the others and being stiffened in four. Zale, only a middleweight, was the classiest opposition Billy faced. Hardly enough competition to keep a fighter like Conn from rusting.

That little peace meeting in which Conn cracked his left hand on his pa-in-law's noggin doesn't figure in this count. Billy declares the mended mitt is now better than ever.

LOUIS, on the other hand, kept himself fairly active. He flattened Jim Robinson in one round, knocked out Lou Nova in six, battered big Buddy Baer into a helpless mass in one round, and toppled the equally massive Abe Simon in five rounds and fifteen seconds. The Robinson thing was only an exhibition bout, but in the others Joe laid his title on the line.

He gave his entire purse to the Navy Relief Society when he stopped Baer, and all his share from the Simon fight went to the Army Emergency Relief Fund. This time he again fights for the A. E. R., and so does Conn. These patriotic gestures have greatly increased Joe's popularity throughout the country. He is one champion the public would not like to have lose his title.

I agree with Joe that Conn gave him his hardest battle since he had become champion of the world. Going into the thirteenth round, the Pittsburgher was well in front on points. Just before the end of the twelfth Conn cut loose with a savage attack, battered Joe on the jaw with two left hooks beautifully timed and accurately placed. As Joe halted momentarily, Conn shot over two more left hooks to the same spot, and Joe looked for an instant as if he were going to fall. He seized Conn in a clinch and held on. A few seconds after they broke, the bell ended the round.

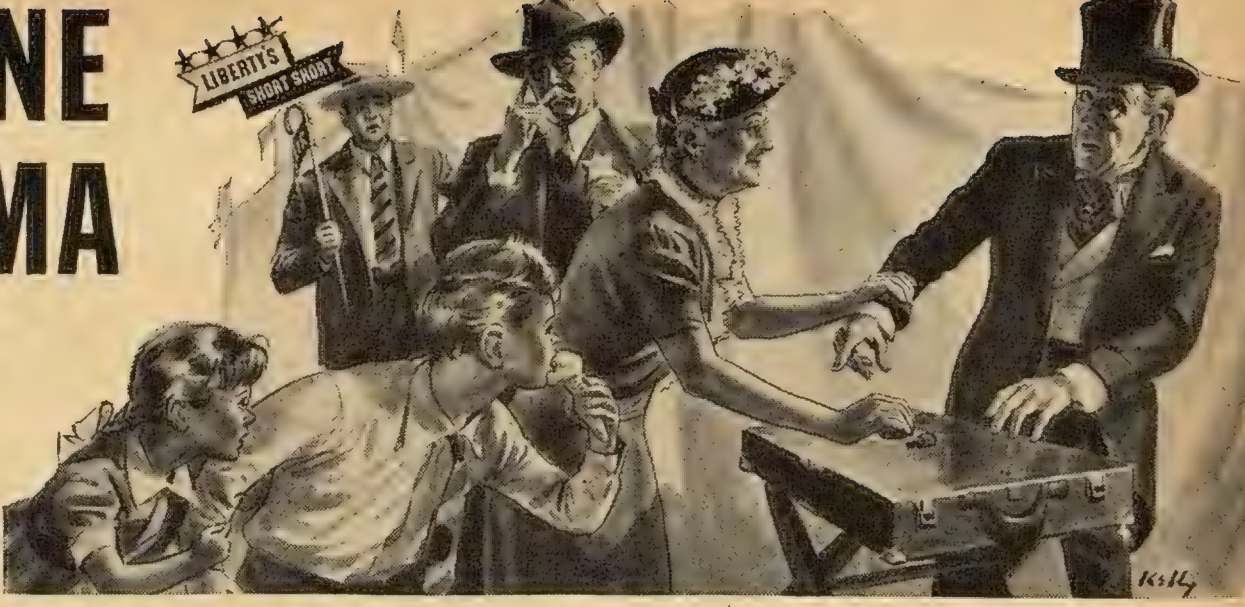
Never had Joe's title been in such danger. But then came the break in the thirteenth, when Conn, overeager, rushed and mixed with him. A stiff uppercut almost tore Conn's head off, and as it came his turn to halt, Joe went to work with those deadly wallops of his and Conn toppled to the floor. When he arose at the count of ten, the referee stopped the fight as Joe closed in to put over the crusher.

If any of Louis's other victims deserved a return match, Conn certainly earned one by his grand showing that night. And now he's about to get it—Lord help him!

Anyhow, never before did two soldiers in active service fight for the title, and never did two fighters do it for *no dough*. The real winner will be the Army Emergency Relief, which will get all the proceeds—and for once the decision, that one, won't be booed.

THE END

TWO TO ONE ON GRANDMA



BY LYON MEARSON

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

GRANDMA HIGGINBOTHAM, in a black bombazine dress with a round neckline softened by a white lace ruffle, walked unhurriedly into the county fairgrounds with Wally Barnes. She turned a mild and inquiring eye on the tall young man.

"Now you run along and amuse yourself, Wally," she said. "Don't you worry about me. Just be careful you don't lose that five hundred dollars you're carrying with you."

Wally grinned. "If I did, Sweetie would decimate me. That's to buy the south eighty."

Grandma wandered away.

Outside the Incubator Babies tent a good-sized crowd stood in front of Professor Kilgallon, who was manipulating three walnut shells.

"The secret of getting anywhere in this competitive world, gentlemen," said the professor, who had a pleasant face and a coldly wicked eye unflawed by the years, "is to be daring. For those who are willing to take risks, the rewards are generous. Take these shells, for example." He turned them up. "Just walnut shells is all. Take this small pea." He held up a pea between thumb and forefinger, "There's nothing mysterious about it. Yet, my fellow citizens, if your eye is quick, the combination of this minute pea and these shells, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." He paused for a moment. "That's a mixed metaphor, my cultured friends, but part of it is Shakespeare, a great man and a credit to the British Empire. But to proceed. I now take this pea and I put it under this shell. Then I move the shells gently in this fashion, back and forth, in and out, back and forth . . . the intent, as you are no doubt aware, being to confuse you." His hands came to a stop. "Is there any one here who believes he knows under which shell the pea rests?"

Wally Barnes spoke up. "I wouldn't be surprised if I knew."

The professor regarded him kindly. "If you really think you know where the infinitesimal pea is, my young friend, and will put up five dollars to back your judgment—or any other amount you desire—I'll be glad to pay you the truly extraordinary odds of two to one."

When Wally Barnes had lost his five hundred dollars, a quiet little old figure in black bombazine detached herself from the outskirts of the crowd. In front of the Best Homemade Pie tent she met Joe McCarthy, the sheriff.

"Sheriff," she said, "there's a shell game going on over there."

He shrugged. "Can't do nothin' about it if it's honest."

"Goodness gracious! How do you know it's honest?" demanded Grandma. "How do you know the pea is under *any one* of the shells?"

"Ain't had no complaints yet."

Grandma regarded him quietly. "Have you got two hundred and fifty dollars on your person, sheriff?"

THE hands of Professor Kilgallon troubled the shells restlessly. "You simply pit your observation against my skill, gentlemen. Sometimes you win. Sometimes, regrettably, you lose." He shrugged a sympathetic shoulder. "'He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.' A line from the Bard, as you have no doubt recognized. Naturally, since I pay two to one, there's a slight chance of losing."

A little old lady in a black bombazine dress stood, somehow, in the front of the crowd.

"I think I'd like to engage in the contest," she said. "They always used to say I had a very quick eye." She fished around in her reticule and produced some bills.

The professor had a singular foreboding that all was not too well, but the crowd had gathered closer, and right next to Grandma stood the tall and alert figure of Joe McCarthy, sheriff of Vegas County.

"Glad to oblige a lady," said the professor, pushing the shells around. "Just say where the pea is. If it's there, I'll give you two dollars for one."

She smiled up at him and placed two one-hundred-dollar bills and a fifty on the stand in front of him. "That means that if I am accurate you'll pay five hundred dollars, doesn't it?" A gasp went up from the crowd.

"Very well figured out," said the professor. "Now, which—"

"I think it's under that middle shell," said Grandma.

"Ah, yes, the middle shell," said the professor. His hand went forward to pick up the shell but was stopped by the firm fingers of Grandma.

"Do you mind if I turn them over myself?" she asked. "Just an old lady's whim." He looked at her face and a swift shadow passed behind his wicked and ancient eyes. He looked at the stony face of the sheriff.

"Certainly not," he said. "Turn over the middle shell and see for yourself."

But Grandma turned over the right-hand shell, instead. "You see, there's nothing under that one," she said. With a birdlike quickness she turned over the left-hand shell. "My goodness, there doesn't seem to be anything under that one, either!" She looked up at the professor amiably. "Since it isn't under either of the other two shells, it really *must* be under the middle one, mustn't it?" Her hand reached for the middle shell.

The professor stopped her, gathering the shells together in a heap. "Please don't trouble yourself, madam. I am happy to hand you the sum of five hundred dollars, over and above your original gamble—"

"I never gamble," said Grandma.

Professor Kilgallon looked at her keenly. "Never was truer word spoken," he said. He folded up his box. "My fellow investors," he addressed the crowd, "this old frame wearies. I shall work no more today."

The crowd melted away.

"A very sweet old lady," said Professor Kilgallon to the sheriff. "Her husband must be a very happy man—"

"There ain't no husband. Leastways, not now," said the sheriff. "Seems to me I did hear a rumor once about a husband," he went on. "They said it was over fifty years ago, though. Bad sort, they said. A kind of actor of parts outa Shakespeare, or a gambler, or maybe both. Fifty years is a long time, though. He's probably dead by now, wouldn't you say?"

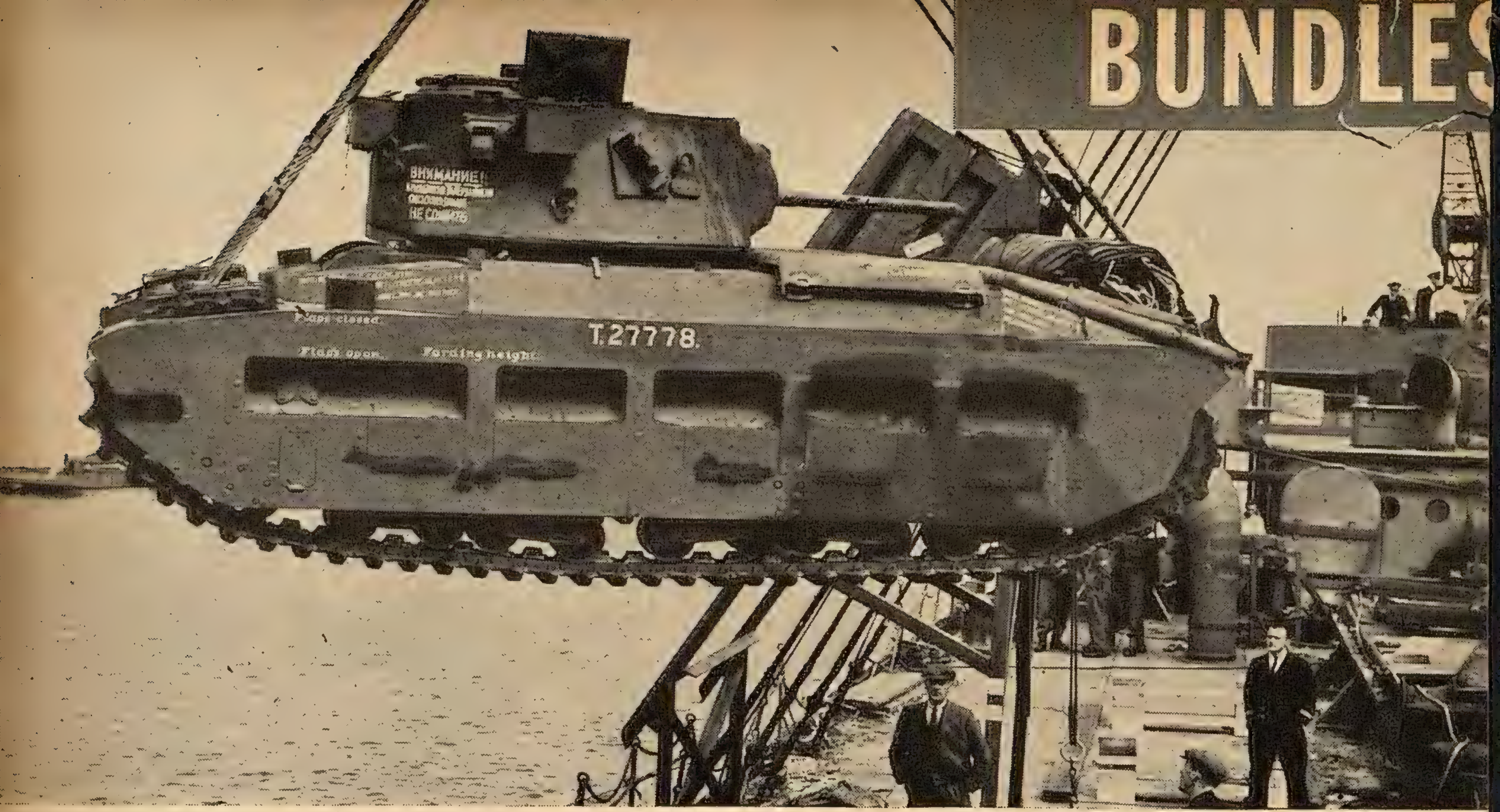
The professor spoke slowly. He seemed old. "The Bard outlasts all his actors. I'm sure he must be dead by now." He picked up his box and walked away.

GRANDMA handed the sheriff his two hundred and fifty dollars. "The rest," she said happily, "is for that south eighty Wally Barnes is aimin' to buy, so he and Sweetie can get married. I'd better find him, too, before Sweetie decimates him."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

BUNDLES



Here's a bundle from Britain for Russia, in the shape of a tank. The British have sent the Red Army 2,000 of them in eight months.

The Atlantic isn't only a one-way street! . . . There is another side fair-minded Americans should know

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

TO hear some people talk—or to read what they write—you would imagine the Atlantic Ocean to be a one-way street so far as war materials are concerned, and the British Isles a bottomless sack held open by a helpless people to receive the output of America's farms and factories.

That is because, wholly for strategic reasons, no publicity is given to the contributions made by the British to the United States fighting forces. It is a fact that the American West Coast, down to tropical waters, is as impregnable to air raids as it can be made because the British rushed antiaircraft equipment over here almost before the smoke had cleared from Pearl Harbor. It is a fact, however, which cannot be made public in detail because that would let the enemy know what will be waiting for him when he tries to ram his thick black-bristled skull against our defenses.

It is also most wisely forbidden to discuss the constant aid the British are supplying us for fighting submarines in American waters—fighting them on the sea and over it.

Unfortunately this necessary secrecy serves to hamper the efficiency of the United Nations because it permits the professional Anglophobes, the amateur belittlers of the British, and the Axis propagandists to spread the moldy old lies that "England will fight to the last American" and that the United States is paying for the war.

The time will come when it will be safe to relate in detail how, when war came to the United States, the flow of fighting equipment across the Atlantic was suddenly reversed as American export of munitions was halted to arm our own forces.

Meanwhile, without indulging in any pro-British propaganda, let's take a look at the job the English are doing and have done. If they had not done it so superlatively well, Hitler would be in Windsor Castle today. He might even be in Ottawa, to hearten his troops invading the United States. Remember that for more than two years the concentrated Nazi might and power has been perched only eighteen miles from England, and that the island has been under almost continuous bombardment all that time. Old stuff, but remember it anyhow.

What the British are doing and have done is of tremendous importance to each and every one of us who are their partners in this war and in the peace to come. It is also an object lesson in what "all-out war" means, which we are going to find out for ourselves as sure as shooting. The time is not far off when the petty inconveniences of sugar, gasoline, and tire rationing are going to seem like fun. What we are going to do without is not just silk stockings and trouser cuffs. Before this war is many months older we are going to live *almost* as austerely as the British have been doing for a long, long time.

Everything in Britain is mobilized for the winning of the war—everything and everybody. Two out of every three persons—not men alone but women and children, too—who are able-bodied and between the ages of fourteen and sixty-five are working full time in the armed forces, in civilian defense, or in war industries.

Every able-bodied male between eighteen-and-a-half and fifty-one has been drafted into the armed forces unless irreplaceable in an essential industry. In England you work in a munitions factory or you fight, unless you are bedridden or imbecilic.

Seven million British women have been registered for the draft. Unmarried women between twenty and thirty are being sent into the uniformed auxiliary services of the army, navy, and air force. Women of any age can be drafted for war work. Already 5,500,000 are toiling in the munitions industries, and millions of other housewives are working part time.

Every person able to walk is trained in some duty during air raids. There are 1,500,000 trained civilian defense workers, 4,400,000 fire fighters, 2,000,000 invasion-repelling Home Guards—all civilians who undertake these duties after the day's turn in mill, mine, or field is finished.

Industrially, the 6,500,000 unionized war workers cannot quit their jobs nor can they be fired without government permission. In the factories joint labor-management committees work out what troubles arise, be they problems of personnel or production.

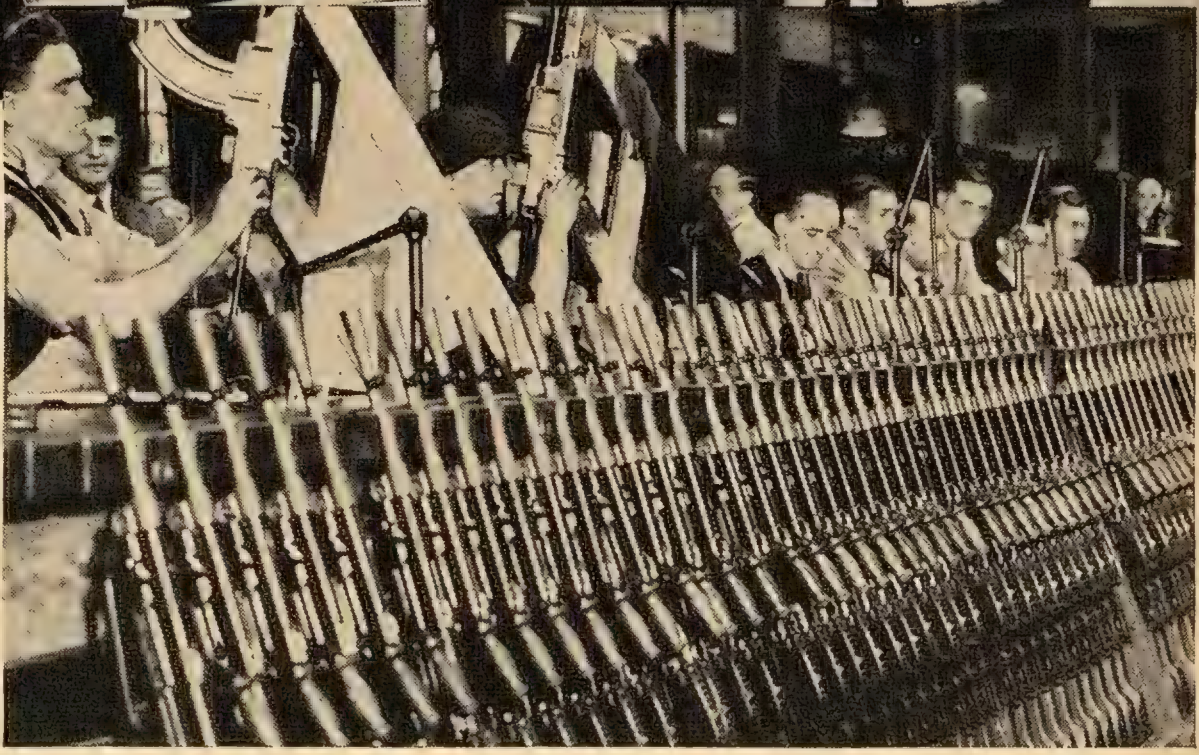
One home in every five has been destroyed or damaged by bombs, and more than 44,000 civilians have been killed in air raids. Take a look at your own community, and try to envision the like of that, there!

From BRITAIN

Most of these workers in a British ordnance factory are women. Already 5,500,000 women are working full time in munitions plants.

All right. What are these British accomplishing with all this daily regime of blood, sweat, and tears?

Last year we sent the British about 2,500 airplanes. Britain sent out to Allied war fronts 9,781 of her own manufacture. We sent them about 200 tanks; they put 3,000 into action. Sure, we are doing better this year, tremendously better, and the best is yet to come. But the same things are true of the "limeys." Their production of airplanes has doubled in the last twelve months.



Skilled mechanics on the job in the assembly room of a factory that turns out Bren guns.

A pair of shoes has to last the average British wearer, strictly rationed on clothing, two or three years. But that is because the British have sent some 4,000,000 pairs to Russia.

For every airplane England imports from the United States she exports four of her own manufacture to Russia. She has sent the Red Army 2,000 tanks in the last eight months. British railroad shop workers did a year's work in ten weeks to build 1,000 freight cars for the Trans-Persian line which American engineers completed to carry British and American supplies from the Persian Gulf to the Caucasus.

To amplify this transportation, the British built an automotive assembly plant on the Persian Gulf, and every month it turns out 200 big trucks which are loaded with supplies and delivered, complete, to the Soviet forces.

On top of all that, Britain is maintaining an army of more than 2,000,000 men, is equipping and supporting military and naval units of the Free French, Norwegian, Polish, and Netherlands governments in exile, and isn't doing a bad job with its own navy.

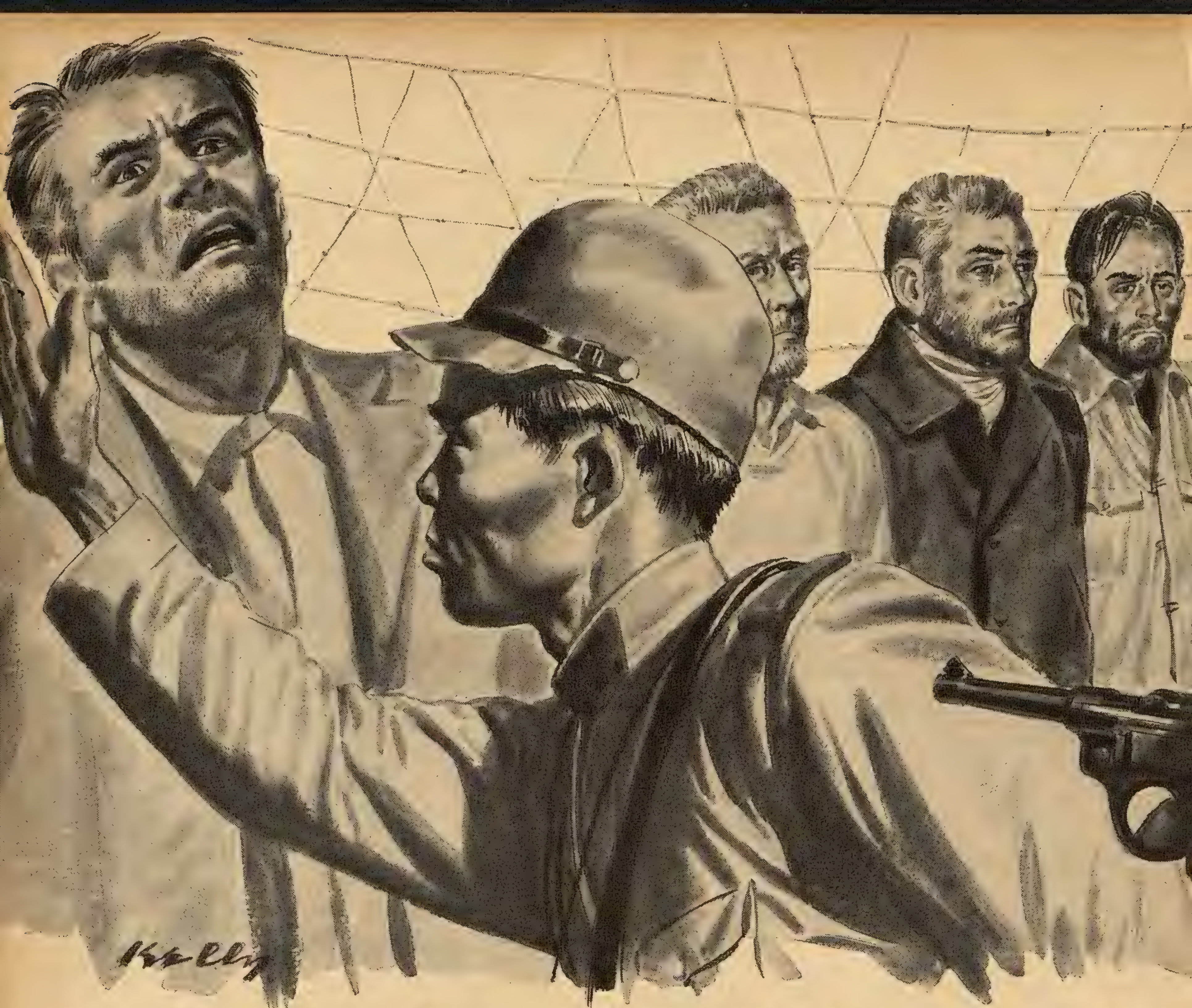
There are no profiteers in England. On an income of $3,000 a married man pays $955 in direct income taxes; on $25,000 he pays $15,000. Excess profits are taxed 100 per cent. But the per capita purchase of war savings bonds is $318, and the English have subscribed $15,000,000 to Russian War Relief.

They started out the way we did in this war, with a business-as-usual, let-George-do-it attitude. The Englishman is fundamentally an individualist and an isolationist, like ourselves. There is no more an "average" Englishman than there is an "average" American. But take the two peoples group by group—farmers, insurance men, machinists, lawyers, firemen, and so on—and it is astonishing how much alike the two are, even though America in its ancestry is more European than Britain is.

Why do we and the English have such cockeyed ideas about each other? Fossilized tradition is to blame in part, no doubt, and so is Hollywood, and so are some of the fiction writers of both countries. At any rate, let's bear this in mind: The 46,000,000 "Englishmen," packed into an island not as large as Arizona, have habits, ideas, and ideals pretty much like our own. They are more outraged and outspoken about the stupidities of their leaders than the most anti-British of Americans. Next time you think of "Englishman," don't think of a tall drooping bloke with a monocle. Think of a man or woman very much like yourself, only working twice as hard and living on less than half as much.

Let's bear *this* in mind, too: When at last the war is over, when all can be told, we're going to be astonished at the amount and the details of what the British have been doing for us since Pearl Harbor.

THE END



I WAS A PRISONER OF

This is war in 1942 . . A repatriated American's factual account of the days of horror in Hong Kong

BY WENZELL BROWN

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

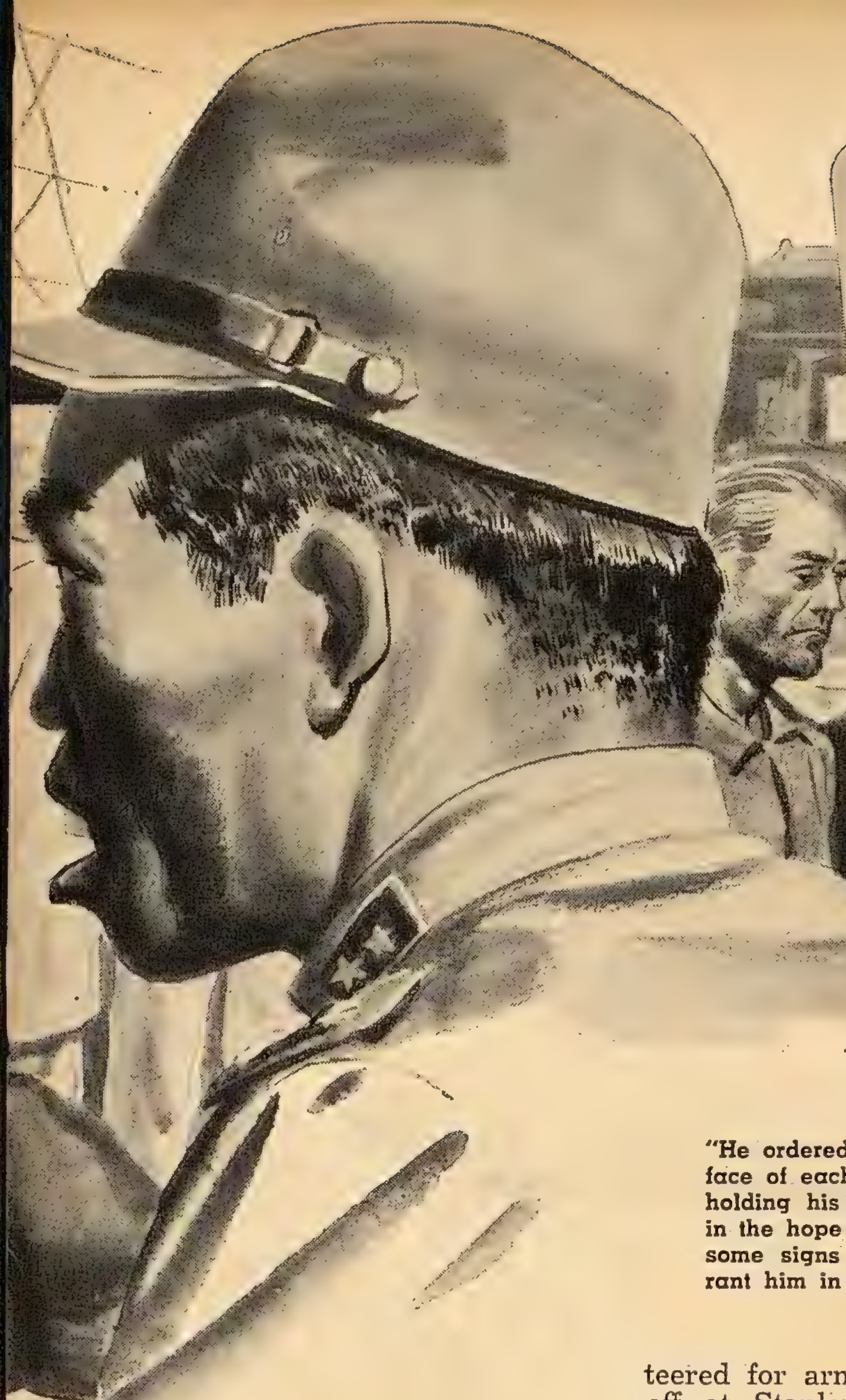
WHEN Hong Kong fell, Mr. Brown was there teaching English in a Chinese university. As he told in Liberty last week, he and all others of the United Nations were arrested, and some weeks later they were moved to Stanley Prison, filthy and overcrowded. The Jap soldiers on guard were plainly disposed to commit outrage on the women who were interned.

IN the cemetery at Stanley Prison were buried the bodies of three English nurses, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Buxton, and Mrs. Bagg. These three, I was told by most reliable witnesses, had been raped and bayoneted to death by the Japanese at the Tweed Bay hospital.

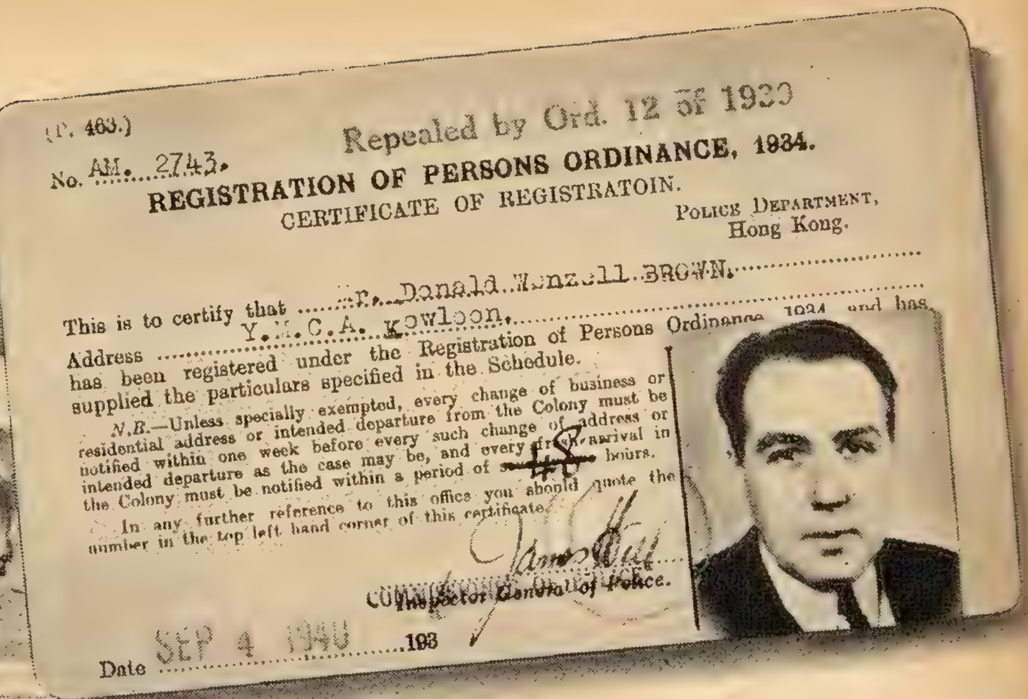
Dr. Black, head of the hospital, who also had been bayoneted by the Japanese, I was told, now lay there in the cemetery too.

Soon we had our own dead to bury. The Japanese forced our sick out of hospitals and thrust them into the camp. One lady who had undergone a very serious operation a few days before the outbreak of the war came to the camp with only the thin dress in which she had been sent to the hospital. In February the weather had become bitter cold, and she had been forced to make the trip partially on foot, shivering, carrying the few possessions she could collect. Mr. Charles Bond was the first to die. He had come into the camp deathly sick and had been assigned to the science laboratory. A little place was cleared for him on the filthy concrete floor. There was no water for his needs, no lights at night by which he might be tended. In a few days he was dead. My Russian friends buried him in the tiny old cemetery in the prison grounds beneath a casuarina tree.

In the first days in the camp I learned of the death of one of my close friends, a redheaded Jewish boy named Herbert Samuel. He was born in Germany and his boyhood was spent in extreme poverty in Berlin. He told me of the beatings he had received from German boys in his youth, and his voice rang with hatred. In 1934, to escape Nazi persecution, he had fled to England and from there he had come to China. No man could



"He ordered a private to slap the face of each man, while he stood holding his gun pointed at them, in the hope that they would show some signs of resistance to warrant him in shooting them down."



(P. 463.)

Repealed by Ord. 12 of 1939

No. AM. 2743.

REGISTRATION OF PERSONS ORDINANCE, 1934.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATOIN.

POLICE DEPARTMENT,
Hong Kong.

This is to certify that Mr. Donald Wenzell BROWN.
Address Y.M.C.A. Kowloon.
has been registered under the Registration of Persons Ordinance 1934 and has supplied the particulars specified in the Schedule.

N.B.—Unless specially exempted, every change of business or residential address or intended departure from the Colony must be notified within one week before every such change of address or intended departure as the case may be, and every fresh arrival in the Colony must be notified within a period of 48 hours.

In any further reference to this office you should quote the number in the top left hand corner of this certificate.

Inspector General of Police.

Date SEP 4 1940 193

Mr. Brown, the author, in September, 1940. This was his Hong Kong registration card.

THE JAPS

have been more loyal to the cause of democracy than Sammy. No man was more eager to fight under its banner. Just before the war he came to my room and left with me a little book of Frederic Prokosch's poems, The Assassins. He told me how now, for the first time in his life, he had the things he had always wanted—a good job as statistician for the Hong Kong Light & Power Company, money for art lessons, a good violin, an apartment of his own. But he was not as animated as usual and his eyes did not flash. He said sadly that the war might come and, smilingly, that he hoped to die on the ramparts of freedom.

He was bayoneted to death by the Japanese as he fought with the first battery at Stanley. Above his grave there is a crude wooden cross on which hangs the helmet of a British volunteer.

After the surrender of Hong Kong, that first battery, composed mostly of young business men who had volunteered for army duty, had been cut off at Stanley. The communication lines had broken down and they did not know of the surrender. So that little group of a few hundred had fought on, almost to the last man, against a horde of Japanese who had landed at Repulse Bay. Finally a few of them had put up a last stand near the hospital grounds, and when they were forced to surrender, had gone into the hospital.

The Japanese in command had come into the hospital and demanded to see the doctor in charge. As he came to the doorway a bayonet was thrust into his body. The Japanese then went into the hospital, took the three nurses who were there, raped them repeatedly, and ended up by tearing their bodies to pieces with bayonets. They then went through the hospital wards and a bayonet was thrust through the center of every bed in the wards, and every inmate in the hospital was killed, even though they were unable to rise when they saw what was happening. We saw the bloodstained mattresses when we came in and had to bury them all.

We also heard that the Maryknoll fathers who had a mission in Stanley had been victims of a prolonged torment that amounted to a horror even though it did not kill them. On Christmas Day the Japanese had come into the mission and had herded the fathers together in the chapel. One of them was wearing khaki trousers underneath his priest's gown, and the Japanese seemed to think he was a soldier in disguise. The men were forced to sit on their feet in a line for several hours while the mission was looted. Then they were taken in groups of four and forced to stand back to back in a square while their hands were tied together and ropes passed across their throats. The soldiers who had surrendered were brought into the mission and similarly tied.

Then the fathers were taken out into the garage behind the mission. They were left there three days and three nights without food or water. As they were tied together back to back it was impossible for any of them to lie down, and they could only move with the greatest of awkwardness, with the four of them moving simultaneously. The ropes around their throats were tied to their hands so that if they lowered their arms the rope cut into their throats. Thus an ingenious torture had been arranged by which the men had the choice of holding their arms in a position in which they soon became completely numb, or relaxing their arms, which immediately choked them.

All through our first night in the camp little groups of soldiers who had surrendered were brought in. Many of these were members of the Engineering Corps who were taken without arms; many others were American boys who had volunteered with the Canadians. They were tied in the same cruel manner—with knots which gave only the choice between numbing pain and death through self-strangulation. For three days they were held in the mission. On the morning of the fourth they were led out behind the rocky promontory near the prison. The Japanese formed a great circle and the prisoners were led into it. They were told to run and, no matter which direction they chose, they ran into outstretched bayonets and impaled themselves upon them. If they refused to run they were prodded with bayonets from behind. Thus each man died, some walking to their deaths against the extended bayonets, others running in a frenzied attempt to find some escape from the circle of cruel steel. Some of the Maryknoll fathers could see this massacre; others, protected by the massive rocks, could only hear the screams of the dying men.

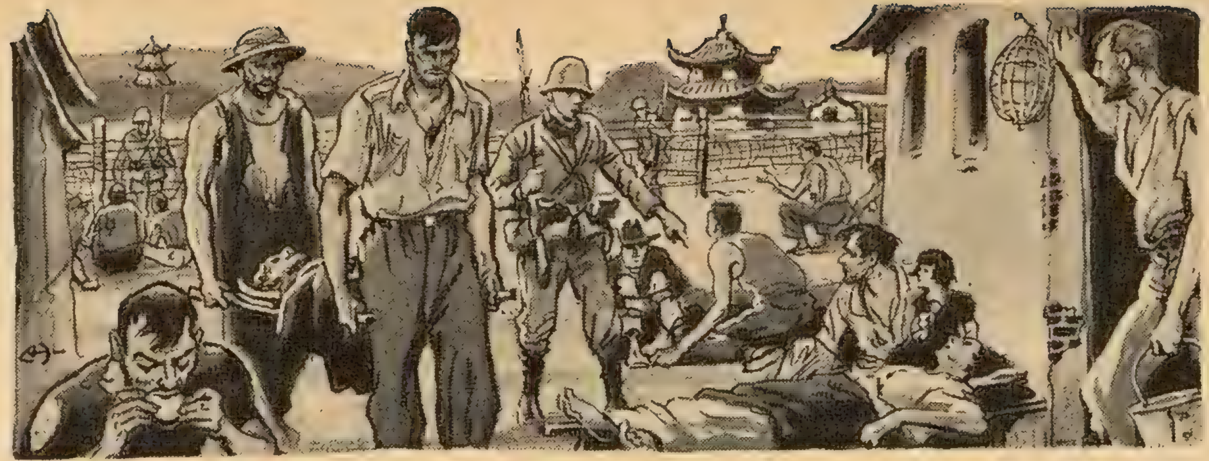
"Never have I heard such cries of horror and anguish," a visiting priest who had been caught in the mission told me. "The men went insane with pain. They screamed like stuck pigs. They did not fall with the first bayonet thrust, but, blind and screaming, ran directly onto another bayonet, sometimes three or four before they finally fell. The Japanese did not kill quickly but bloodied their bayonets for sheer pleasure."

ONE young Canadian soldier, a boy of only eighteen who had been caught on the peninsula, attempted to swim to the mainland but was machine-gunned from the shore. Despite the fact that the flesh of his right shoulder was horribly torn and the shoulder bone mangled, he managed to get to the beach and finally to the mission. There one of the fathers who had secured temporary release from his bonds sought to care for him. The poor boy was in agony and asked that the last rites be said. The father, seeing a Japanese soldier pass by with water, asked for some to clean the boy's wounds. The soldier stopped, looked down contemptuously, and then, without warning, threw the scalding water across the dying boy. When the order came for the soldiers to march to their place of execution, this Canadian boy was too weak to stand. He was the first to die, bayoneted as he lay helpless on the floor.

These men were prisoners of war. They had fought bravely and, in the end, had honorably surrendered to the enemy.

Soon we fell into a monotonous routine in the camp. Our food was served twice a day, and between times the hours seemed endless. Most of us were too weak to do much work, and no group recreation of any kind was permitted. On the far side of the camp there was a great storehouse in which supplies for the prison had been stored. This was guarded by the Japanese, but we could see tremendous supplies of milk, bully beef, and other foods there. Finally some of the British police decided that they would try to get some of these supplies out, and managed, during the night, to slip by the guards and get into the storehouse. On the third night that this was attempted, however, one of the men was caught.

Despite the fact that he took full responsibility, six of the British police were placed under arrest. Those six were taken down to the police station in the village. They were placed in a cell five feet wide and seven feet long. There they were kept without trial for more than three weeks. They were given only one small bowl of rice a day and a cup of dirty water. They were not even released from the cell to go to the toilets but were forced to befoul their own clothing and the cell. The pleas of the British Colonial Secretary for their release, or at least their trial, were completely ignored. It was only when one of the men was at the point of death that the Japanese officials became alarmed and finally released all six, who had never been officially charged with any offense—and indeed I know for certain that at least three of these six men were in no way involved in the "looting" of the storehouse.



"Nearly all the men interned grew beards. No razors or razor blades were available."

Often in the evenings we could see the prison gates roll open to admit a carload of greased and perfumed Japanese officers. With these squat apelike dandies were their highly painted ladies—geisha girls in bright red and white gowns, or flower girls from the Chinese brothels. On these nights the sounds of revelry could be heard until the late hours of the morning. The thin monotonous wail of Oriental music would be broken by the coarse and guttural bellowings of the Japanese officers. And those of us on guard duty would double our watch, fearful that a drunken soldier would wander into the camp, creating still another incident of violence and outrage.

The Japanese took a delight in slapping Englishmen and Americans across the face, and were always seeking some excuse for doing it. An order was issued that we were never to look down on a Japanese soldier, and that we must bow and take off our hats to all sentries. As our quarters were on a hill and the buildings occupied by the Japanese were below, it was extremely difficult at times not to look down on them.

One day a group of our men were standing on a hill near the Chinese warder's quarters in the hope that he would bring in some foodstuffs. Two Japanese officers came out of the prison gates, and seeing the internees in a position where they could look down upon them, became infuriated. They jumped into a staff car and rushed to the top of the hill. They demanded that the Englishmen and Americans line up, and the officer in charge shouted at them, in a mixture of English and Chinese, that they had committed a great offense against the Japanese Empire. He then ordered a Japanese private to slap the face of each man, while he stood holding his gun pointed at them in the hope that they would show some signs of resistance which would warrant him in shooting them down.

Perhaps the most revolting scene I saw in the camp occurred in relation to the godowns. A month or so after we had entered the camp the Japanese took all the supplies out of the warehouses. They brought out Chinese coolies to do the loading onto the trucks. One Chinese was caught helping himself to some food, and I saw a Japanese officer beating him. He would hold him by the throat and kick him in the crotch, then knock him down, then lift him and kick him in the crotch again, and again lift him and kick him down. This was done at least a dozen times and the coolie was left prostrate on the ground.

A large number of British police came down and looked at the trucks as they were being loaded. The Japanese soldiers on top threw down a single can of syrup. So hungry were these men that they fought for the syrup on the ground like boys fighting for pennies. The Japanese soldiers were delighted, and as the crowds gathered they threw down more cans of food. Any one who knows the dignity of the British police can judge the stress of starvation and despair that they had to be feeling in order to behave in this fashion.

THE days went on in endless monotony. It was this, not the acts of individual cruelty, which caused the greatest suffering. We received no word from outside. We had no hope of release. The hunger seemed unbearable at times. We lived on rumor, and all sorts of strange rumors entered the camp. We heard that the Chinese army was in Kowloon. We heard that the Russians had penetrated the Polish Corridor. We heard many, many other fantastic stories. We did not know what we could believe, or what we could hope for, and most of us simply tried to shut off our minds completely against the outside world and ignore all rumor.

Each one of us sought to devise some method of passing the time, and some of these methods were interesting and valuable. One man made chess sets out of wood, spending hours carefully designing each piece. Another made sandals. Still others found strange ways of amusing themselves, such as one university professor who spent hours taking his own pulse and making an elaborate chart of its variations. When we got together it was very hard to talk about anything except food. We spent hours discussing foods which we should like to taste again. We dreamed of food at night, and often we would tell each other of the dreams.

Cigarettes were not available in the camp after the first few days, and men and women who had lived in their great homes on the Peak with dozens of servants could be seen walking about the camp carefully picking up cigarette butts which had been dropped by the Japanese soldiers or by those who were fortunate enough to have got a supply into the camp. Occasionally it was possible to buy cigarettes through the guards and sentries, who would sell them at tremendous prices. They were usually the cheapest makes of Chinese cigarettes, such as Globe or Pirates. They had sold before the war for eight cents Hong Kong, which would be the equivalent of two cents in American money. Now the cigarettes sold for three dollars and fifty cents for a package of ten, and even if one had the money it was very difficult to get any, and only a few people had money to make purchases anyway.

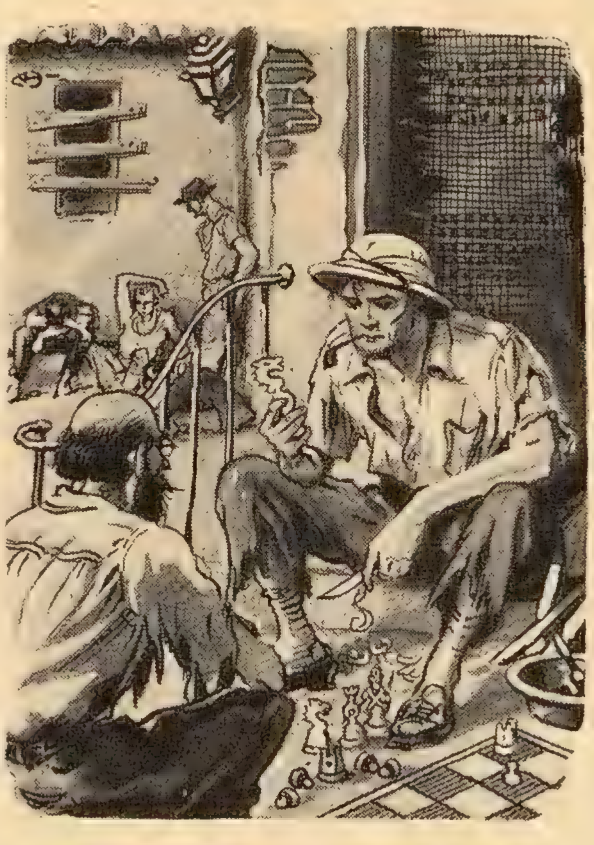
There were dangers, too, in making these purchases. Several times internees were caught buying food or cigarettes across the barbed wire. One of our men was knocked down and kicked repeatedly in the face. We were told that the Indian guards involved in selling us cigarettes had been beheaded. Certainly the Sikh police who were hired to guard us were treated as badly as we were.

Many of us had come in without even a suitcase, and our clothing was soon in a deplorable condition. Most of us went about in shorts. Nearly all the men grew beards, as no razors or razor blades were available. My own suit was utterly filthy, and I had no change of clothing whatsoever. Nor did I have anything to wear while I undertook to wash my suit. So for a month of the war and seven months in internment camp I wore a suit which was covered with filth and rust and had faded very badly. Also, as I had lost sixty-seven pounds during the first four months, the suit was hardly a good fit.

WHILE I was in the camp I met a little Russian boy, nine years old, interned as an enemy of the Great Nipponese Empire. He was a blue-eyed, tousle-haired little fellow and he could not tell me where his parents were. Other Russians told me his story. His mother and father were both doctors educated at the University of Hong Kong. On December 27, two days after the armistice, they had been on trucks collecting wounded and sick for hospitalization. The father was informed of a dying man in one of the apartments. When he returned, he found his wife in the hands of a group of Japanese soldiers. He rushed to her assistance and a bayonet was thrust through his chest. The wife was dragged to a near-by apartment. There in broad daylight she was raped and bayoneted. Her mutilated body was removed the next day by Japanese soldiers. Her husband's corpse had been carelessly loaded into a van filled with the bodies of dead Chinese killed in the fighting at Happy Valley. I was glad that Serge did not know what had happened to his parents.

The men and women who had come down from the Peak, which had been the swanky residential section of Hong Kong, entered the camp last. They were therefore assigned to the Indian quarters. These Indians had been housed in a group of brick buildings near the water front. Six Englishmen were placed in the quarters meant originally for two Indian guards. Here the conditions were the worst in the camp, for there was only a concrete flooring, and when I went to visit friends of mine living in these quarters, I found that the heat coming from the boilers used to sterilize the water made the quarters unbearable during the summer days.

Greater love, according to the Bible, has no man than this, that he give up his life for his friends. Yet I suspect that the sacrifice involved in giving up trifling luxuries or supplies of food in an internment camp is even greater. Still, I have seen this done repeatedly. Dmitri Glasounov literally gave me the shirt off his back. He had only two shirts and I had come in with only the clothes in which I stood. One day when I visited his room he saw the condition of my shirt; he stripped off his own and gave it to me, saying that his other one, which he had washed and was now drying, would be sufficient for him. An elderly lady who had managed to procure a can of bully beef, which had been smuggled across the barbed wire, pleaded with me so earnestly to take it that I could not refuse. Later, through some judicious and complicated bargaining, I was able to exchange it for some chocolate which I persuaded her to accept.



"Each of us sought to devise some method of passing the time. One man made chess sets, spent hours designing each piece."

It was amazing what great pleasure could be derived from trifling things. One day, as I was walking down the main road, I was approached by one of the Chinese guards who was working for the Japanese. He walked seven or eight feet ahead of me and talked out of the side of his mouth so that he could not be overheard. He told me the news was good, and how he hated to work for the Japanese, and that he only did so because he was forced to get a small quantity of food for his family. He then asked me if I would like some sugar, and I of course told him that I would but that I had no money. He said he didn't want any money, just wanted to do some small thing for the Americans to show his feelings for them, and he stopped by the side of the road and dropped a small package into the ditch. I went over and got it and found it was about a half pound of sugar. One cannot imagine the pleasure it gave me, for it was the first sugar I had had in many months. Many times afterward I saw my Chinese friend, but he always walked by with a stern face, afraid of being so much as seen by the Japanese guards in a friendly attitude toward a foreigner.

AFTER some time it was arranged that we could have a canteen and that certain goods could be purchased. When the canteen first opened, almost all of the 3,000 people in the camp were lined up outside the entrance. It was to open at two o'clock in the afternoon, but people had started collecting in line at 5 A. M., and they stood waiting during the long, long hours in the hope that they might be able to purchase a tin of jam or a little sugar. Most of them, however, were to be badly disappointed, for there was only enough for about 300 of the people, and the prices were terrible. Chocolate sold for two fifty a half pound, sugar was three dollars a half pound, and canned beef three dollars a can. As there was no way of getting money into the camp, the purchases we could make were very limited.

Each day we spent a large portion of our time standing in line. We had to queue up for food, which was served twice a day, at 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. Sometimes there was a little food left over, as the distribution had not been reckoned out quite correctly, so every one tried to be in line first in order that they might get back in case there should be seconds. The little children often got in line at two in the afternoon and waited patiently for three hours for their rice and greens, then gulped them down in a few seconds and got back on the end of the line, hoping that there might be a little bit more for them.

How some prisoners escaped and the Japs punished all the rest, and how word that they might be repatriated eventually reached them, Mr. Brown will tell you in Liberty next week.

TO THE LADIES

Rose Mary Sheehan, press agent. Sign on her door reads, "Fools Rush In." Dolly de Milhau, her partner, handles Stork Club publicity.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

KATHARINE HEPBURN goes to night clubs for good food and conversation; she'll talk from dinner to dawn, but she won't dance. Helen Hayes goes only to celebrate somebody's birthday or wedding anniversary. Martha Raye sets up a round for all the service men in sight. . . . I hand this intimate information on to you from Dorothy de Milhau, nighttime publicity girl at the famous Stork Club. Catchy little human-interest facts about important people are the secret of press-agenting. That's what makes it a natural profession for women. From kindergarten years we are instinctive boosters of our favorite relatives and friends. . . . Dolly de Milhau began her press-agent career when, as a subdeb, she went around with unpopular boys and showed them how to be popular. Next she opened a bureau in partnership with Rose Mary Sheehan. The motto painted on their office door is *Fools Rush In*. . . . "Every night at the Stork," she says, "is now like a movie drama filled with laughter and heartbreak. Boys back from bombing tasks come in jittery, restless. One told me: 'The more you hang around here at home, the sooner you want to get back on the job.' He was one of the flyers who helped shower down on Tokyo with General Jimmy Doolittle."

"NO place for an emotionally unstable maiden." That was said about Washington recently by Captain Rhoda Milliken, head of the Women's Police Bureau there, as a warning to the 20,000 government girl workers who average around twenty years of age. Unquestionably, the tempo of our wartime capital may be upsetting to excitable kids. But the same goes for some dollar-a-year gents. I know a distinguished widower among them who flirted mildly with one of the government damsels and found himself hooked. Desperately he introduced her to every handsome, rich young bachelor of his acquaintance, and, sure enough, she dropped him to grab one. Quick as a wink he played safe by marrying his real flame, a widow of his own age. . . . "Captain Rhoda Milliken's warning ought to be broader," he says. "Washington is no place for an emotionally unstable maiden, matron, man, or boy!"

I'D like to know what James Gould Cozzens actually thinks of American women. His new novel, The Just and the Unjust, is in many ways the most realistic book I've ever read about small-town life in this country; yet every woman in it is either stupid, exasperating, sluttish, or insignificant. We can't let such an indictment pass unchallenged. Dear Mr. Cozzens, didn't you meet *any* worth-while women in Childerstown?

WAR news from southern Russia introduces place names hard to pronounce. Now our fashion news for this coming winter also plays up a difficult Russian word. Our smart new brocade coat, waist-length, loose-fitting, high-necked, long-sleeved, and edged with fur, is known as the *Dooshagrayka*, which, literally translated, means a soul warmer. Why not call 'em *soul warmers?* That sounds so comfy.

THIS *Stuffed Veal Roast with Apples and Beets* is a Pennsylvania classic worth trying some autumn Sunday: . . . Two hours before you roast it, rub a boned shoulder of veal with lemon. Prepare stuffing with 1 cup cooked rice, 1 chopped onion simmered in butter, 6 crumbled slices crisped bacon, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, pinch of ground thyme. Mix with 1 raw egg and stuff the veal shoulder. Tie up. Roast quickly for 20 minutes, then slowly from 1½ to 2 hours. . . . Slice 6 beets and chop 4 tart apples. Put together in pan with 3 tablespoons butter, 1 shredded onion, salt, dash of nutmeg. Simmer slowly 2 hours. Serve as side vegetable, along with fluffy mashed potatoes.

WITH American boys fighting Oriental battles all the way from Egypt to the South Seas, I think many of you will want to read Percival Christopher Wren's new book, Odd—But Even So. Fifteen stories about the mysterious East by the author of Beau Geste. (Macrae Smith Company. $2.50.)

WAY ahead of Christmas, here is a true-life story featuring Uncle Sam Santa Claus. An impoverished lady owned almost nothing except a piece of land she hadn't looked at in years. Federal housing surveyors made a mistake and built a nice model dwelling on it. Unless she can be fast-talked into selling the lot before she sees the house, she wins a free home. I'll let you know what happens.

LOOK OUT, HUSBANDS HERE'S *GABIN!*

BY ALICE HUGHES

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN word came that movie actor Jean Gabin, idol of all France, was en route for the U. S. A., those of us who had seen him in his French films began to study ship news and Clipper lists. I know. I was one of the students. Small use to try to describe the fascination of Gabin to one who had never seen him. How can you define a tremendous masculinity which leaps from the screen and bangs the feminine customers over the head, heart, and senses? I saw my "hero" within a week of his arrival. It was not exactly a satisfactory meeting. His English was nonexistent, my French strictly high-school grade. All I could do was to look at him, and look I did.

When you put down the cold hard facts about the external Gabin it is even harder to explain why those facts add up to his sure-fire appeal. He stands five feet nine. He confesses to his thirty-eighth birthday. His ash-blond hair is graying. His eyes are neither large nor startling. Just an average pair—shade pale blue. His lips are thin and compressed, and the overall of his face is twenty years removed from the bland smoothness of a young American movie actor. His figure is a far cry from the lean Adonis type. His fashion sense tends more toward the apache than the Tony Williams school. No, not even his most doting admirers, and I am one of them, can claim for him beauty of face, figure, or clothes.

What is it, then, that this Gabin has? He has toughness. There is that quality of virility or masculinity—call it what you will—that comes through in his every gesture. As he looks at you, you are sure he knows about women. Yet, oddly enough, there isn't a trace of a wolf. You know he's a guy who'd beat you if you needed it, but who would cherish you, and never let you down. In a face as rugged as a mountain crag there is that odd twist of gentleness, of humor that makes a man's batting average with women close to 1,000.

Once he was in America we sat down to wait for his first movie. For one year we continued to wait. Gabin was busy—busy learning English. His parent company was busy, too. They had an unknown quantity as far as the American public was concerned. They also had an obdurate male who refused to appear before the camera until he was sure he would be intelligible to an American audience. Even so, the lad got publicity.

The first news attention after his arrival came when some one called him "the French Spencer Tracy." Now, Gabin and Tracy had established a warm friendship when Tracy was abroad. They are not unlike. Both are rough-and-tumble lads, a far cry from the old-fashioned matinee idol.

Launched on this Tracy similarity, the next step was to rerun Gabin's French movies to wider audiences. A few months prior to the war only those theaters frequented by the intelligentsia would run a foreign film. Three months after Gabin's arrival, I and my fellow townsmen waited, standing for about an hour, to see his famous Pepe Le Moko in a neighborhood theater. Having enlarged his potential audience and identified him with the most loved of American male movie stars, Twentieth Century-Fox (or perhaps it was Gabin himself) arranged one of those romances that are good for lines of paper space. It was with that most American of feminine movie stars, Ginger Rogers.

More months passed. A picture was selected. The English was progressing and it seemed high time to begin the build-up for *l'homme fatal.* The next romance was with that woman-who-has-lived-and-loved, Marlene Dietrich. And last came his American première, Moontide, a picture which the critics viewed with mixed emotions but which left its feminine audience just downright emotional.

After his Moontide debut Gabin returned to New York. I went to see him again. His year in America has made him more attractive than ever. But it certainly hasn't changed the man in the turtle-neck sweater. He is simple, direct, and sincere. Does he like good pictures, good books, good music? Not particularly. He confesses he is not a heavyweight in the arts. He is singularly uninterested in world events . . . claims the headlines depress him. A year ago he had an understandable reticence concerning Vichy France. Today his reticence no longer is quite so understandable.

Unlike many movie stars, Gabin does not like to talk about himself. Perhaps that is because he comes from a long line of actors—show-business folk. He left school early and worked in a foundry, drove a taxi, but turned up in his early twenties on the boards of a French music hall.

The man does not have to talk about himself. As an actor he stands on his acting. To those who have seen him in Grand Illusion, Pepe Le Moko, Port of Shadows, or Daybreak, Gabin stands out as one of our few truly great movie actors.

And is he skillful! Hollywood and the Hays office don't know yet how to cope with him. The Hays office can call "three strikes" on a picture by timing the length of the kisses and the clinches. But they can't rule out a lover for looking. And when Gabin looks at a woman as he looks at Ida Lupino in Moontide, the feminine audience runs a temperature.

Perhaps one secret of his menace to domestic tranquillity is that men underestimate his appeal. He is not a suave smoothy. Here is no foreigner with manners and mannerisms that American men verbally despise and secretly covet. Our men fail to understand that these tough characters are far more dangerous than the streamlined gentlemen of the Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor school of art.

There is little doubt, after his American debut, about his success in this country. Julien Duvivier, famous French director, taught him well. As one columnist says, "Nobody in the world can smoke a cigarette and walk down a dim misty alley as Gabin does, or shrug his shoulders or push a woman away." What that columnist forgot to add was "or attract a feminine following." As in France, so it will be in America. He is catnip for the women, and he knows it.

THE END

ALL'S FAIR IN Love

When two attractive air force officers meet two pretty girls, you might expect romance to be not far away. But when a practical joke tangles the threads of love . . Well, here's what may happen

BY MURIEL BRUCE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HER quick eyes spotted the tall captain and the shorter chunky lieutenant getting off the train. "There they are!" said Julie, and set off down the platform, her red hair flying in the wind. Connie followed more slowly, and Julie called impatiently over her shoulder, "Come on—they're looking for us!"

Stupid, Julie thought, to hang back from things, the way Connie did. There was nothing new or startling about a blind date with two flying officers, sons of her father's classmates, spending a three-day leave with the Sage family at Blue Hills by parental prearrangement. It was just another week-end to get through. Life was nothing but a series of loose ends in which a war had become entangled, anyway, and the visitors were only a couple of additional knots in the snarl.

Hurrying through the crowd of home-coming Saturday commuters, Julie saw that the captain was lean and hawk-faced, probably dull. She gave him only a passing glance, because the younger man caught her interest. He had laughing eyes and an impudent nose, and looked rather like a friendly monkey. He'd be fun, and just the right age for Connie. At which point the devil perched on Julie's shoulder and began to whisper in her ear. She had only to let matters take their course and Connie would be saddled with the serious captain while Julie took over the monkey-faced lieutenant. For, by some quirk of humor on the part of the creative gods, the Sage daughters had grown up in reverse. Connie, who was barely eighteen, was the tall-young-goddess type, dark and stately, with the poise of a young matron; while Julie, who was twenty-one and a senior at Smith, was so small, slight, and active that strangers invariably took her to be about sixteen and the younger sister. To the uninitiated this was apt to be confusing, and some day, Julie's mother said, it would get them into trouble. Particularly when they turned it, as they often did, into a deliberate game. It was so easy, and it was such fun.

If Connie hadn't lagged behind, Julie might have turned a deaf ear to the devil's temptation. But Connie loitered, as usual, and Julie—as usual—plunged. Putting on her broadest little-girl smile, she drew up beside the two men, shaking back her hair.

"Hello!" she said brightly. "I'm Julie Sage. You're Captain Hackett and Lieutenant Foster, aren't you? We're awfully glad to see you. The car's just over there. This is my sister Connie."

The game was on. When they paired off, the younger man attached himself to Julie, while the tall captain fell in beside Connie as a matter of course. Connie, catching Julie's signal, drew herself up to her full height and put on her most sophisticated air. It was their rule that, once begun, there must be no backing down. The comedy of reversed ages had to be carried through to the end of the act. Because people were always so embarrassed when they found out, at the wrong moment, how they had been fooled. Julie heard the captain's voice

FLOHERTY JR

Jerry's juvenile horseplay was boring her to distraction. Good heavens, she thought, am I really getting old or something?

behind her saying to Connie, "Charming youngster, your sister." Well, that part of it was up to Connie. It would be fun to be sixteen for the week-end and just let the world go by.

Julie slid under the wheel, reaching with a bare brown leg for the clutch pedal, and the monkey-faced lieutenant shouted, "Hi! You're too young to drive a car. You need a licensed pilot. Slide over!"

She laughed up at him. "Get in! This is my chance, don't you see? Nobody will touch us, with the army on board."

"O. K., I'll co-pilot. All set behind, sir?"

"What did I tell you?" the Captain said. "Formalities are out for the week-end. You're Jerry Foster, I'm Tim Hackett. Forget everything else."

His voice had the ring of authority, but it was a nice voice. Julie turned to look at him again.

"You mean," she said, "all's fair in love and war."

It was then that it happened. Her eyes met his, and an electric shock went through her, leaving her suddenly breathless. His eyes were gray, with a light burning behind them; visionary eyes in a powerful, dominant face. There was a puzzled look in them, as if he sensed something odd about her. Julie pulled herself sharply together and turned back to the task of unparking the car. All right, suppose he has nice eyes, she told herself. What's it to you? But as she backed and turned and started up the hill, she strained her ears to catch—over Jerry Foster's wisecracking chatter at her elbow—the conversation in the back seat.

TIM HACKETT'S gray eyes evidently knew beauty when they saw it. Autumn was just beginning to touch the hills with splashes of experimental color; the air was clear and still; it was a perfect day. Julie heard his resonant voice saying to Connie, "What a lovely bit of country! You know, Miss Sage, it's awfully decent of you people to take in a couple of strange mavericks like this, even if our parents did go to college together."

Julie threw a laugh back over her shoulder. "We all have to take chances these days, captain. Remember? There's a war on." She swung the car expertly past a huge truck, straightening out just in time to avoid a bus that came lumbering out of a curve toward them.

Jerry whistled. "I'll say we do! Look, sweetie; I'd better take over that wheel," he said.

Connie spoke up: "My sister is really a very good driver and we know every inch of these roads."

The captain laughed. "I'm not alarmed," Julie heard him say in a confidential tone. "Youngsters with eyes and hair and a temperament like your young sister's always make the best drivers. Pilots, too. Jerry's something the same type, only less ornamental. They ought to get along."

"Did you hear that?" Jerry asked Julie in a loud whisper. "Orders from H. Q. direct. Don't forget, now."

Connie said, "Oh, we'll all get to know each other by Monday."

Jerry yelled back, "What do you mean, Monday? You're still grounded, back there. Why, here in front we're soul mates, affinities, pals, and what-have-you. Aren't we, Julie?"

And Julie heard that other voice say, with a touch of envy in its tone, "Jerry seems to be a fast worker. Somehow, I never caught on to the technique."

Well, that was certainly making things easy for Connie! Julie put the car up the last steep curve at a most unpatriotic rate of speed, and Jerry said, "Big sister's right. The child can drive. I take it all back, my pet. What else can you do?"

"Wait and see," Julie said. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

NO, he wouldn't believe that she was seriously majoring in sociology and economics, with the definite idea of doing something about helping to clear up the mess the world was in. To Jerry, that would be just another wisecrack—but to this other man it might mean something. Tim Hackett. Tim was a nice, useful name. He was she remembered, a West Pointer, coming from somewhere in Oklahoma. That was all she knew about him. And suddenly Julie wanted to know the rest of it—what he liked, what he hated, and what he really thought about having a war break in on your life and muddle you all up. Now look here, she told herself sharply. Stop this! You're sixteen and you're dated with monkey-face. She swung the car into the driveway of the Sage house and up to the pillared doorway. "Here we are," she said. "Last stop!"

"Happy landing!" said Jerry, leaping out.

Tim, after giving a hand to Connie, stood for a moment, just looking, and Julie's heart warmed to him. The house was set on a ridge, with a wide view over valleys unfolding to the farther foothills, and two lakes gleamed like bits of fallen turquoise in the middle distance.

Tim said softly, "*What* a view!"

Connie said, "Yes, isn't it pretty?"

At that Julie almost decided to take a chance and come out with the truth. But John Sage came hurrying to greet the sons of his old friends and the moment passed. By the time they were drinking sherry in the living room it was too late, because both parents, instantly perceptive, joined in the game of juggling their daughters' ages with the skill of long practice and with keen amusement. At lunch her mother even stopped Julie from making a bad break—when John Sage, who wore the navy's highest industrial badge of honor in his lapel, got into a hot discussion with Tim about future political control of business in America.

Julie listened eagerly, forgetting everything but that this was her pet subject and here was somebody who could think straight about it.

"We'll have general regulation, of course, sir," Tim said to his host. "But only as an extension of wartime discipline. You know, with all the loose talk that's going round about 'freedoms,' we've had to learn all over again that freedom implies discipline, and I believe we're learning it. But you can't tell me that anything will ever knock the spirit of individualism out of America! It's too much a part of our national make-up."

"That's what I think," Julie said. "Dad's too pessimistic—"

Mrs. Sage broke in quickly: "I hope you're right, Captain Hackett. A regimented world would be a dreadful place to bring up a family. Now, what are you all going to do this lovely afternoon? Tennis and then a swim? And of course there's the dance at the club tonight."

Catching Julie's eye, she shook her head reprovingly. Julie sighed. Her mother was a perfectionist. Whatever you did, you had to do it thoroughly. The game must go on.

But it was with steadily diminishing zest that Julie proceeded with the business of being sixteen. It had never been so difficult before. At tennis it was not too bad. Tennis was Julie's game, and Tim played a smashing, long-reaching defense against her swiftness, finally winning, even though Connie was slow and heavy as his partner. Jerry was pretty good, but too erratic for real support, and he didn't care anyway.

Then they played two brief sets the other way—with Tim and Julie mowing down the other two. But Julie's satisfaction was short-lived. Tim only said, "Well played, partner," and looked at her again with that queer, puzzled expression on his good-looking face that was beginning to make her highly uncomfortable. Oh, why had she ever started this silly business? And how on earth was she going to keep it up for two days?

THEY drove to the lake. Water was Connie's element; swimming and diving were her specialty, as tennis was Julie's. Tim was annoyingly good in the water, too. Julie began to feel like Alice in Wonderland after she had swallowed the pill that made her shrink, and Jerry's juvenile horseplay was boring her almost to distraction. Good heavens, she thought, am I really getting old or something? Connie was putting on a good act, as usual, and seemed to be perfectly happy in her own placid way. So Julie was surprised, when later they were dressing for dinner, to find that Connie wasn't enjoying herself at all.

They were sharing Julie's room, to give more space to the guests, and after a period of busy silence Connie said suddenly, "Why don't you give yourself a break, Jule? Wear your slinky black with the long green earrings and surprise them."

"Too late," Julie said mournfully. "You know how it always is. I'd feel a fool, so would you, and so would everybody—except Jerry. He'd think it was a swell gag."

"I really don't see that it matters!"

"Of course it matters! You know what it's like when people start apologizing all over the place—it's awful. No. You've got the breaks this time, baby, so make the most of it. We'll have to play it through as we sit."

Julie spoke decisively, and Connie, who rarely opposed her sister openly, said nothing more. But a few moments later Mrs. Sage came into the room, and, on looking her daughters over, laughed immoderately.

"Julie! You look about ten! Aren't you overdoing it, darling?"

Julie was getting into a pale blue taffeta frock with a very full long skirt and lace frills at the neck. She had brushed her hair into a smooth cascade of burnished copper and tied it back with a white ribbon.

"Might as well be hung, mumsy," she said. "The boys are completely mazed—they think I'm still in high school. By the way, thanks for the elbow jog at lunch; in another minute I'd have been quoting Adam Smith or Keynes and spoiled the party."

"I want her to change back now and be her age," Connie said. "But she won't. She's so set on going *through* with things. I don't get it."

Mrs. Sage looked at her younger and larger daughter, who was a pleasant picture in rose-colored tulle.

"Well, it's usually best that way, isn't it? You're lovely in that rosy thing, Connie. By the way, how are you making out being a grown-up with the tall and handsome captain? He's a pet, just like his father."

"Well, if you must know, it's tough going," said Connie. "He's twenty-six if he's a day, and he thinks he's General MacArthur's understudy or something."

"The man's got brains!" flashed Julie. "You don't appreciate him, that's all. You're too dumb!"

"That's just what I'm trying to tell you! Now, Jerry—"

"Jerry's just what he looks like," snapped Julie. "A monkey."

"Tim says he's the most resourceful pilot in the squadron!"

"Well, for heaven's sake," said Mrs. Sage, "what's going on here? Father and the boys are waiting in the station wagon and we'd better get along to the club. You're gorgeous, both of you, even if Julie does look as if she ought to be sent home to bed at eight o'clock."

"You're pretty much of an eyeful yourself, mumsy," Julie said. "Look, baby sister. I'll take the general off your neck after dinner somehow, even if I have to put him through a course in cradle-snatching. I promise."

Connie brightened perceptibly. "Will you? Oh, Julie, you're grand!"

SIX hours later Julie wriggled out of the blue taffeta and let it lie in a heap on the bedroom floor. She said bitterly, "The only person who had any fun tonight—unless you did—is Jerry. And he'd have fun at a funeral."

"But I did!" exclaimed Connie. "Jerry's the *best* dancer. You were

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sweet, Julie. I'll do something for you to make up."

"Well, I hope you do a better job than I did. My cradle-snatching technique was the biggest flop in history. Poor Tim—he couldn't make it out! He figured that you had passed him up for Jerry, that he had done something to offend you, and that little sister had been told off to keep him out of the way. The more I tried, the worse it got. How could any intelligent man be such a fool?"

"Maybe he isn't so smart, after all," Connie said, unswathing tulle and emerging like a cherub from a rosy cloud. "And you *said* I could have Jerry, and when we danced—well, somehow—you know—"

"I know! And so I got stuck with a man who thought he was stuck with the kindergarten, and nobody cut in because they thought this was a sacred foursome or something. Oh, dear, when you get off on the wrong foot it's just no use! I give up. I wouldn't care," she went on thoughtfully, "if Tim wasn't such a worthwhile sort of person. I found out a few things about him—children are supposed to ask questions—even if he did bark the answers at me. He grew up on a farm, but he wanted to be a soldier because he had a hunch there was going to be another war. He had to fight with his father to get to West Point."

"That's what makes him so hard, I guess," Connie said. "Now, Jerry—"

"Tim's not hard! He's strong. He's tough. He's the kind we need a million of, if your children and mine are ever going to have a chance to grow up halfway happy—"

"Oh, Julie, don't start that. I'm so sleepy!"

"ALL you ever think about is eating and sleeping and having a good time. Well, it takes all kinds. Get into bed—you'd better take the day bed. But look—you're not falling for this Jerry monkey, are you, by any chance?"

"Goodness, no. He's too young!"

"It would be the most utterly idiotic thing anybody could do," Julie announced passionately, "to fall in love right now! War marriages aren't even civilized. They're primitive. Hurry-up weddings, three-day honeymoons—the whole business is disgusting. War after war, time after time, it's the same old mess. One good thing about this horrible weekend is that nobody will fall in love, at least."

Connie rolled into the day bed, curling up drowsily. "Who said—anything about falling—in love?" she murmured, and was instantly asleep.

Julie turned out the lamp and lay down, but sleep eluded her. She kept seeing Tim's eyes, in the dark. Why couldn't she stop thinking about him? He was a stupid, obstinate creature who had treated her through an entire evening as if she were precisely what she was pretending to be. Couldn't he *feel* that she wasn't a child, dancing with her, holding her in his arms, against his lean strong body that had a flame in it like the light in his eyes? She remembered the thrill, the shock that had gone over her when first she met those eyes—she'd been avoiding them ever since. She thought of the two swift sets of tennis, when he and she together had been joyously invincible. And she saw his troubled face when Connie and Jerry became absorbed in dancing, doing trick steps and having a wonderful time, like the pair of children they were.

But most of all Julie thought of that last waltz, a dreamy one, when she and Tim had danced wordlessly, and his face had relaxed just a little, smiling down as he released her, saying, "That was nice." Then right away he had stiffened up again and said, "Now we must get you home. It's very late."

And why on earth, Julie asked herself, was she thinking about the man at all, much less lying here trembling with a queer sort of anger, so that what she really wanted was to get up, march into the guest room where he slept, hit him really hard with something, and tell him exactly what she thought of him as an unperceptive, pigheaded, blind— "Now look," she told herself sternly. "Stop this nonsense. As if it mattered!" But it was a long time before she slept, and then she dreamed of chasing a unicorn over the hills, her weapons being a tennis racket in one hand and a hairbrush in the other.

20 QUESTIONS

1. Which of these was the first Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court—John Jay, John Marshall, Roger B. Taney?
2. Is a codicil an animal, a fish, a weapon—or what?
3. Only one American Army officer has ever held the title of field marshal. Who?
4. Suppose a draftee had no money, no property, no nothin'—would it be advisable for him to make a will?
5. Which state was most recently admitted to the Union, and when?
6. Reindeer were imported to Alaska between 1890 and 1902. From what country and why?
7. Who was "Old Hickory"?
8. What are the capitals of Maryland, Washington, and Florida?
9. During the first nine months of our entry into the war, how did the number of U. S. Expeditionary Forces compare with that of the first World War?
10. Serrano Suner was fired recently. Why does his unemployment assume international importance?
11. What world's record was set by American workmen on Labor Day?
12. Last month baseball fans celebrating a no-hit game were suddenly disillusioned. What were the circumstances?
13. Last week you named three girls who were the subjects of popular songs. How about three boys?
14. Who said, "I am going to get a hit if I have to lay it on their flight deck"?
15. Which has the higher rank, a lieutenant general or a major general?
16. Approximately how many languages are there—27, 270, 2,700?
17. What was the "world's loudest noise"?
18. Which of the following terms is out of place—watt, ampere, volt, electron?
19. By what more familiar name do you know the National Labor Relations Act?
20. Fifty years ago the boxing world was stunned when the heavyweight championship changed hands. Who were the contestants?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

On Sunday morning, after a leisurely informal breakfast, they all went to church. Both officers seemed eager to go. "We don't often get to a regular church, you know," Jerry explained. "Lining up just anywhere a chaplain happens to be isn't the same thing as sharing a hymnbook in the family pew."

THE church was only a short distance down the hill, and Julie, in cool white with a big floppy hat, found herself walking with her mother, who said, "Jerry's a nice boy, isn't he? And Tim certainly seems to get on with dad. They've been remodeling the universe since before breakfast. You know, I very nearly married Tim's father, once upon a time, before he turned farmer."

"Turned farmer?" Julie said. "I thought he *was* a farmer."

"Oh, no. He majored in agricultural science at Yale, and it took. He bought a big ranch in Oklahoma. They're a wealthy Connecticut family, you know, from away back."

"Oh," Julie said flatly. (Farm boy battles way to West Point . . . serial to be continued in our next program for the kiddies . . . be sure to tune in.) Oh, it was getting to be too much! In the cool, dusky church, Julie knelt, hid her face in her hands, and prayed like a very small child, *"Do something about it, God!"*

When she sat up, her father had come in with Tim, so that Tim was beside her. There were plenty of hymnbooks, but at the other end of the pew Jerry was sharing one with Connie, and singing in a lusty baritone that caused several old ladies to look at him with misting eyes. Tim went silently through the service, and Julie did not feel like singing. The ache that throbbed somewhere inside her was growing steadily worse, and when they knelt down for benediction, she found herself repeating her childish prayer: "Do something, God!"

It was when they were near the bottom of the church steps that Mrs. Sage caught her heel, went down suddenly on hands and knees, gave a sharp cry, and fainted. Connie screamed and began to sob. Julie flung off her hat and took charge.

"Don't move her! Jerry, run to the house and get the station wagon. Keys in the hall table drawer. Dad, phone for Dr. Elder. She mustn't be moved till he's seen her. Oh, thanks, Tim."

Tim had stripped off his coat, folded it expertly, and was helping her to ease it gently under her mother's head. But Mrs. Sage opened her eyes almost immediately.

"Silly of me! That old ankle. I'm all right, Julie dear. Let me up."

"Not till Dr. Elder comes. You lie still." And then, with a break in her voice, Julie said, "You *fell,* mumsy!"

Mrs. Sage smiled up at Tim. "No use bucking this elder child of mine—she has a will of iron. Look out for Connie, will you? She'll be frightened. Oh, Julie darling, I forgot!"

"God takes a very funny way to answer prayers," Julie said. "Mumsy, if you're hurt I'll never forgive myself!"

But when the excitement had died down, it turned out that she wasn't, except for the twisted ankle and a few bruises. Jerry drove the station wagon carefully up the short slope to the house, and then Tim lifted her out in his arms, carrying her in easily. "Where to?" he asked. "Upstairs?"

"Oh, no; the living-room couch. Thanks, Tim. My, you're strong. You're so like your father! John, quickly, cocktails for everybody. I'm all right, but we all need a drink. Connie, sweet, do stop crying!"

Jerry said, "Let her cry—she's only a kid. Here's a shoulder, honey, and a man-sized handkerchief." His face, Julie saw, was transfused with tenderness; he didn't look like a monkey any more. Well, that much of it was all right, then. But what about the rest of it? Julie knelt, in utter misery, beside her mother. Tim was standing there, just looking down at them. Oh, why didn't he move, or go away, or do something? What was he thinking? Julie wouldn't look at him; but her mother did, and her eyes were full of laughter.

"Quite a pair of daughters I have, don't you think, Tim junior? Interchangeable. We fooled you, didn't we? Or did we?"

"You did," Tim said, and he didn't sound pleased.

Julie got slowly to her feet. Energy had drained out of her; she felt hollow and lifeless. "I'm sorry, Tim," she said. "It was all my fault. I began it for fun, but it was stupid, really. I'm sorry."

"That's all right," he said.

BUT of course it wasn't all right. She had made a fool of him and of herself, and he would always hate her—if he ever thought of her again, which was unlikely. It would have been much better to have him remember a redheaded youngster he had danced with. Anything would have been better than this! It was terrible. It was unbearable. She couldn't stand it another minute.

"If you're all right, mumsy, I'll go and tidy up," she gasped, and fled.

Upstairs, she brushed her hair, did her face over, and tried to stop her knees from shaking. He doesn't mean anything to you. He's going away tomorrow. Don't be such a *dope,* she told herself harshly. What are you so upset about, anyway? Can't you take a joke on yourself? What's the matter with you? And then she heard Connie running upstairs. "Oh, damn," said Julie. "Now what?"

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Connie rushed in, sat down beside her on the dresser bench, and burst out, "Julie, they're staying on till Wednesday! Extra leave—a telegram just came from the camp. Heavens, I look awful! If only I wouldn't always cry when things happen. Isn't it exciting?"

"But—extra leave. That means they're going overseas," Julie said, half to herself.

"Yes, that's it. Australia, Tim thinks. I guess I'll have to go and wash my face." And Connie went.

Australia! All the way across the continent, over the oceans, down under the rim of the world. A cold, sharp pain surged over her. So this was what it felt like. This was what women were going through everywhere every day—this bitter, rebellious, helpless agony—women who loved men who were going away. *Love.* This was it, then. Might as well face it.

"You love him," Julie whispered to her blurred image in the glass. "And it's no good. You've messed it up, you've spoiled it." The hot tears burned her throat and eyelids, but she fought them back—she had to get things under control somehow. Three days! It couldn't be done. She couldn't face him all through today, tomorrow, the next day, and most of the day after that. She'd have to think of something.

Connie came bouncing back with a fresh face. "Ready? Let's go down. Jerry thinks it was the *best* joke, our fooling them. Jerry's fun. He's only nineteen, you know."

Nineteen. Twenty-one. Twenty-six. Julie decided that she felt about a hundred.

LUNCH, served picnic fashion in the living room to keep Mrs. Sage on her couch, went by somehow, with Jerry furnishing most of the entertainment. Then Tim carried his hostess upstairs to her room, and went away without a word, leaving her with Julie, who fussed over her until she said, "Now run along and look after things. I'll sleep it off. And, Julie—don't fret so, darling. It's not like you!"

Julie set her mouth firmly. "I'm not fretting, mumsy. I'm just angry with myself."

"You'll get over that," her mother said confidently, and closed her eyes.

"I doubt it," Julie said.

She closed her mother's door softly after her, slipped through the hall, down the back stairs, and out through the kitchen entrance. Nobody, she thought, had seen her, and she turned into an almost invisible path that led into the woods and slanted steeply upward. Breathless, as if something were at her heels, Julie climbed, half running, until she came to the place where she had always brought her troubles—a high, secluded plateau, open to the broad sweep of the valleys below because great trees had fallen to create a forest window. Here, if anywhere, she could get hold of herself. It was utterly quiet. Clouds in ever-changing fantasies across the sky, reminded her that nothing lasted—not even pain. Julie sat down on a big rock. This place had never failed her yet. Her childish tantrums, her adolescent rebellions, her hidden fears—all of them she had brought here, and the magic of the spot had always healed her.

But this time the magic was slow in working. The pain seemed to get worse instead of better. Gravely Julie regarded this pain. It was a new experience. It came over her in waves—waves of primitive longing to run back down the hill calling Tim's name, of wanting to put her face against his coat and feel his arms about her—and she fought them down, one by one, as they came. It was a tough job, but after a while she stopped trembling, took a long breath, and stood up. Now she could go and face them, even Tim. And he would never know. A plane flew low over the hilltops with a roar, and she looked up, thinking, *He'll be flying in battle.* She clenched her hands, closing her eyes against the thought. When she opened them again, Tim was standing beside her.

"I was watching for you," he said, "and I followed you. Do you mind?"

Speechless, she raised her eyes to his, meeting them squarely for the second time. And it happened again. Everything receded. There was no world, no war, nothing but the light in Tim's eyes and the flame in her own heart rising up to meet it. But he mustn't know.

"No," she said. "I—I don't mind." But she couldn't pull her eyes away. And suddenly she saw that there was more than a light in his—there was a hunger and a longing and a loneliness.

"Julie!" he said. "We've wasted a whole twenty-four hours. Don't let's waste another second."

Then she was in his arms, and all the loose ends of life fell into place quickly, like a succession of discords resolving into harmony. And then she heard his voice saying, "Didn't you know? I loved you the first minute I looked at you yesterday, and I fought against it all day because I thought there was ten years between us."

They sat on Julie's rock, talked, fell silent, and talked again, finding out each other's dreams and hopes, desires and fears. The shadows were lengthening when he held her close and said, "Julie! How much courage have you?"

"Courage?" She thought a moment, and then knew. "Enough to do whatever you want me to."

"Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"Of course," she said. "Why not?"

"God forgive me for what I may be letting you in for," he said. "But I can't go away without having you in my heart."

"I'll always be there," she told him. "And, Tim, we have three whole days—together!"

THE Tuesday morning papers carried an account of the wedding, in Christ Church, at Blue Hills, New Jersey, of Julia, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sage—and so forth. Julie read it, and smiled at Tim across their breakfast table, set high above a lake on a hotel porch. The lake was the color of Tim's eyes, which had deepened to a warm, amazing blue.

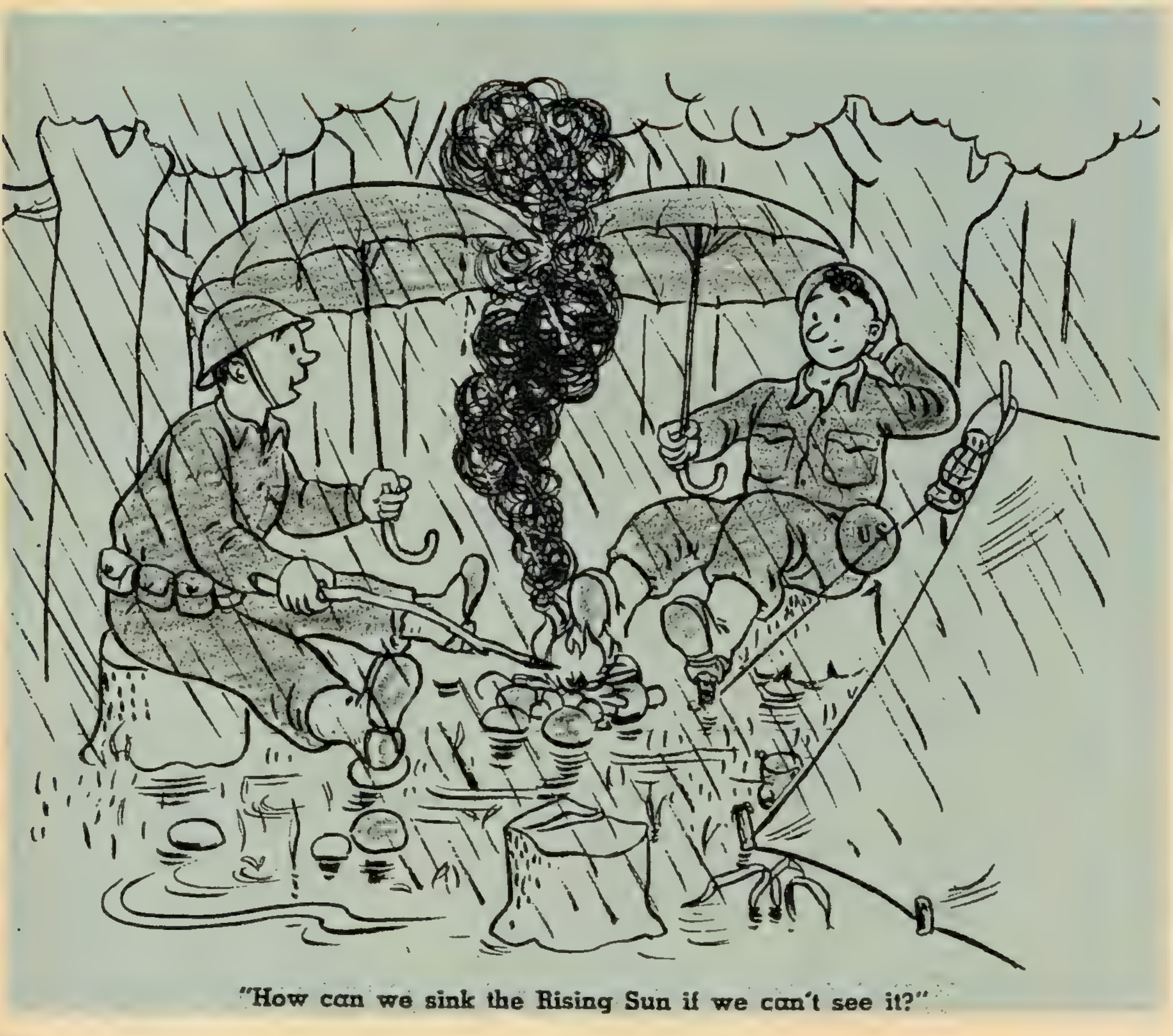
"They put in Connie and Jerry and our various relatives, but they left out the most important thing," she said.

"That I love you?" Tim suggested.

She shook her head. No, she thought, not that. Nor that I love you, though that's pretty important, too.

"Just that the bride's mother walked with a cane and a slight limp," Julie said.

THE END



"How can we sink the Rising Sun if we can't see it?"

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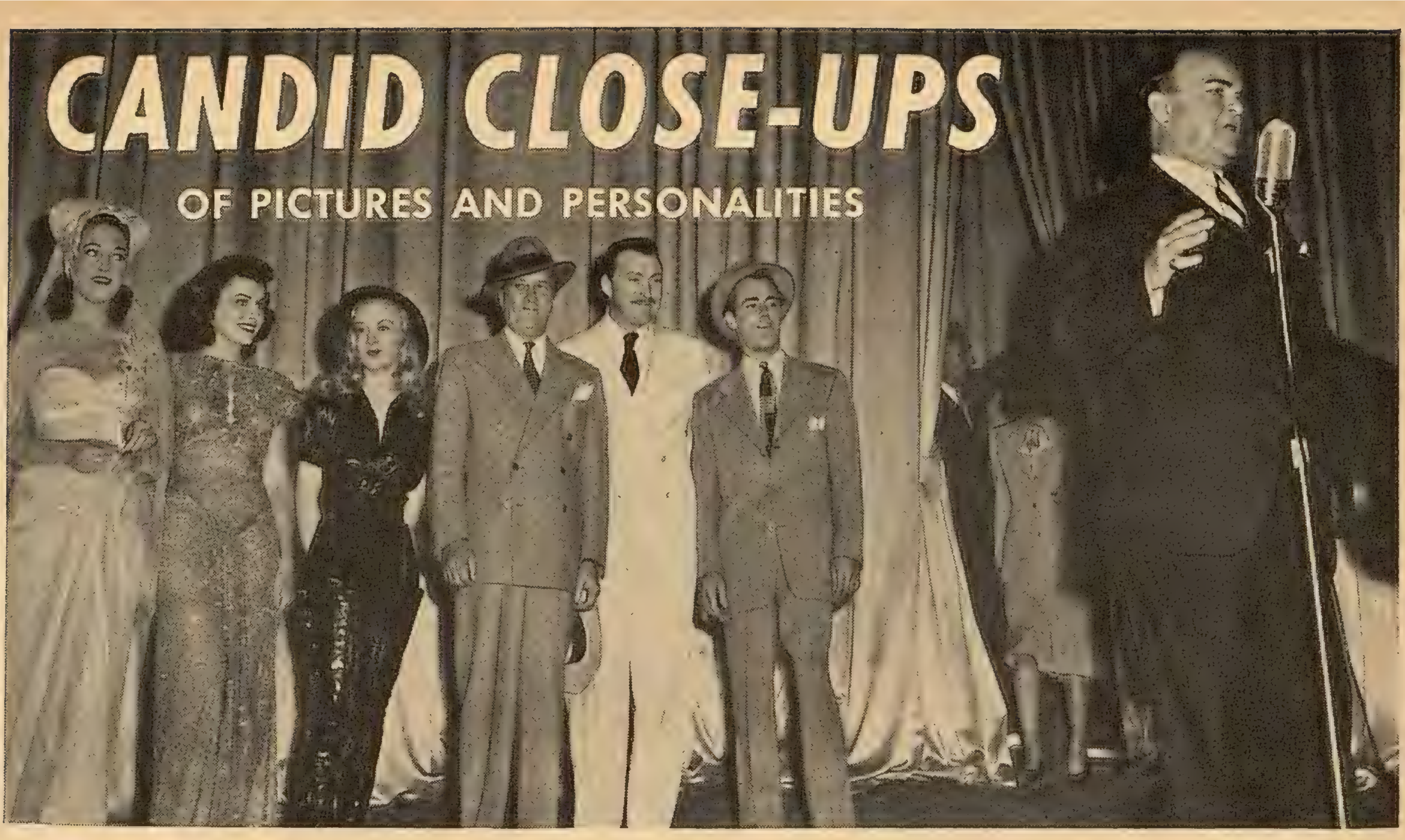

PREVIEW PHOTO. Six of the seventy stars of Paramount's musical movie, Star Spangled Rhythm, listen to Victor Moore do a number. Dorothy Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake, Lynne Overman, Albert Dekker, Alan Ladd. Bing Crosby holds back the curtain.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

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Provocative Drama:

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

HOLLYWOOD is so often found guilty of taking liberties with well known books and plays that it is a pleasure to report it is in the clear in the case of The Moon and Sixpence. It has approached the problem of filming the W. Somerset Maugham classic with due respect, first winning the author's approval of the scenario, then following it with painstaking fidelity. The excellent scenario, however, is not matched by the direction or the acting. The adapter's device of a narrator and flashbacks appears more impressive on paper than it plays on the screen.

The story of Charles Strickland is told by a writer, Geoffrey Wolfe, who first meets the middle-aged stockbroker shortly before he deserts his wife and children for no apparent reason. Wolfe, sent to Paris to bring him back, returns to report that Strickland left not for another woman but for an idea; he wants to be free forever to do what he must do, what he cannot help doing — paint great pictures. While Wolfe watches, and records his impressions, Strickland (popularly identified with the late Paul Gauguin) covers many canvases with glowing color and powerful form; ruthlessly smashes a fellow artist's happiness by seducing his wife; finally—always painting—making his way to Tahiti, where he finds some measure of peace and happiness with Ata, a native girl. Fighting against time as leprosy consumes him, he paints his greatest pictures on the walls of his native hut—but those pictures were never to be seen by other eyes. Ata, at his command, burns them after his death. The final scenes, showing the murals in magnificent color, are the memorable moments of the film.

If only the actors had risen to the occasion, The Moon and Sixpence might have been an important picture. As it is, George Sanders as Strickland seldom suggests the stature of a great artist, and is scarcely more successful in conveying the emotions of the man. Perhaps because he has been swaggering in the Saint shockers too long, Sanders is far from equal to the demands of the Maugham role. The other players, Herbert Marshall as Geoffrey Wolfe, Steve Geray and Doris Dudley as Dirk and Blanch Stroeve, are convincing enough; and Elena Verdugo as Ata is lithe and lovely.

(United Artists.)

Elena Verdugo and George Sanders.

Personality of the Week:

THE AUTHOR HAS HIS INNINGS!

AT the "world première" of a motion picture the author of the original story is often the forgotten man, lost in the mad scramble of stars and producers, cameramen and the press. But W. Somerset Maugham has changed that. For the "world première" of his The Moon and Sixpence was moved, in his honor, from Hollywood and Broadway to the little—and only—movie theater in Edgartown, Massachusetts. Edgartown, once the home port of whaling captains and now center of a colony on Martha's Vineyard which includes, besides Mr. Maugham, Thomas Hart Benton, Katharine Cornell, and James Cagney, greeted a delegation of newspaper and movie writers; and Mr. Maugham made a speech welcoming the visitors and commenting: "I believe The Moon and Sixpence employs a technique that may revolutionize the motion-picture industry and one that will certainly set a trend."

Somerset Maugham.

Certainly the eminent author was setting a trend in "world premières."

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

The Major and the Minor, Wake Island, Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees.

Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, Somewhere I'll Find You, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway.

With Churchill among members of the United Nations Pacific war council. The President is talking with Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King.

Below: Telling the world, by way of the University of Virginia, what Mussolini—whose hand "held the dagger"—had done to France that very day.

ROOSEVEL

Ninth in a notable series: An eminent commentator ponders the President as politician and statesman

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN his second acceptance speech at Philadelphia, President Roosevelt said this generation of Americans had a rendezvous with destiny. The phrase applies with equal point to Mr. Roosevelt himself.

For events at home and abroad have given Mr. Roosevelt opportunity to exert leadership for the democratic idea. Coming into the Presidency at the bottom of the depression, Mr. Roosevelt found the country in a receptive state of mind for his imaginative and bold democratic impulses. In his second term, the rising menace of Hitler challenged his qualities of democratic leadership in a wider field. Mr. Roosevelt's own peculiar gifts have enabled him to seize those opportunities and throw his leadership with powerful impact that must place him beside Lincoln as a great man of history.

The broad conception of the New Deal is Mr. Roosevelt's, even though many others collaborated. The broad conception of the Atlantic Charter, projected toward the world after the war, is Mr. Roosevelt's, although Prime Minister Churchill collaborated with him. In those two chapters the living substance is Mr. Roosevelt's, because his genius for catalyzing the forces of popular feeling has made it so.

Last winter, almost before the ink was dry on the Atlantic Charter, Russian demands for territorial guaranties from Great Britain were about to be met. Mr. Roosevelt stepped in to fight for the principles of the Atlantic Charter, and as a result of his skillful work Russia postponed her demands and agreed to support the Atlantic Charter principles in the peace settlement, and to join with other nations in organizing international force to preserve peace.

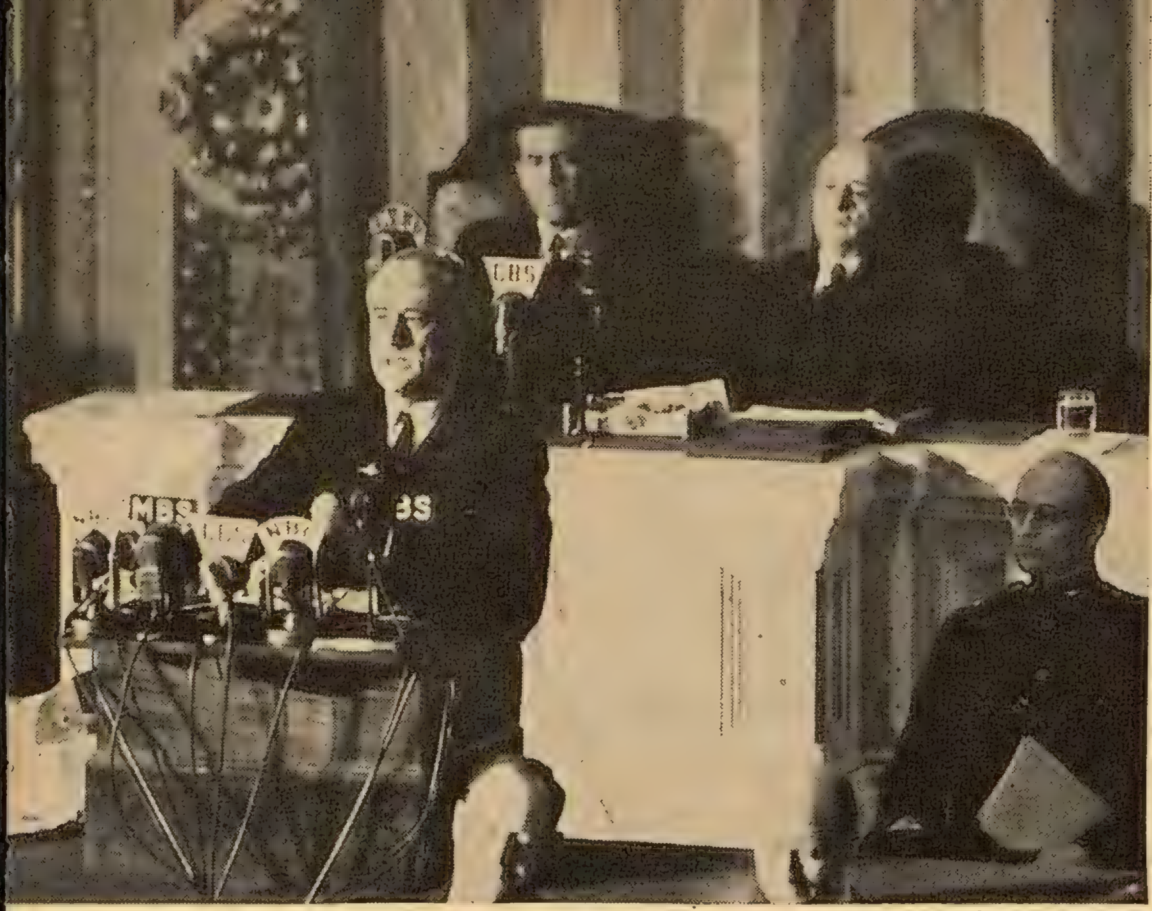
In that kind of activity you see President Roosevelt at a high level of statesmanship. Yet you also see him engaging in some of the smaller activities of politics. Mr. Roosevelt was a politician before he was a statesman and the love of the game of politics still remains. He turns back to dabble in it at times as a famous engineer might go back to playing with electric trains in his basement on a rainy Sunday.

Only a short time ago, at the New York State Democratic Convention, he attempted to break James A. Farley in a struggle over which should name the Democratic candidate for governor of New York. He soon found himse playing a small-time political gam the final act of which was to forc delegates who were against him to g through a personal roll call, something that had not been done in New York Democratic Convention i many years. Even some of his politica supporters thought it was an unnecessary and petty thing to do.

You don't measure Mr. Roosevelt capacity as a political leader by thi incident in New York. It would hav been appropriate for Roosevelt th Governor. But Roosevelt the Presider is a man of larger dimensions. Hi Presidential years are sprinkled wit incidents of this kind, but they are n the real measure of the man. Yea ago I read somewhere, probably i Emerson, that the mark of a great ma is not an absence of weaknesses bu an abundance of strength. Add u your judgment of what Mr. Roosevel has done through these chaotic year check it all into a balance, and yo probably will find that although h has done many things of which yo disapprove, they still do not depriv him of his stature. The very rage c his most unyielding critics testifies t his strength. They do not waste thei rage on weakness but upon strengt that they cannot master.

That's about the net of my attempt to pack an estimate of Mr. Roosevel into a capsule.

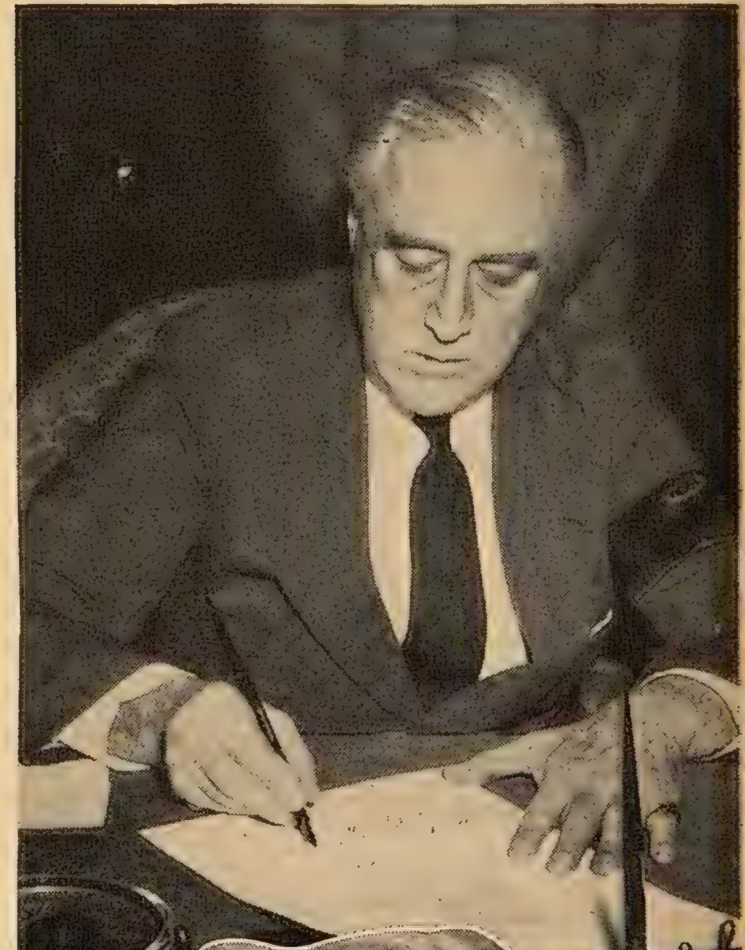
Three jobs in this world seem almost beyond the capacity of a huma being—Stalin's, Hitler's, and Roosevelt's. The responsibility and the detail of operation loaded on each o these men seem to require superhuman strength. Yet Mr. Roosevelt functioning in his overwhelming job



Delivering his war message to the joint session of Congress on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor. Behind him is Vice-President Wallace.

PHOTOS © HARRIS & EWING

Below: The President signing the declaration of war. After Japan's surprise attack he no longer had to ponder the need of intervening in the Pacific.



AS I SEE HIM

does not seem to be overwhelmed by it.

First of all, he is protected by an unusual ability to relax at moments of hardest strain. Throughout his working day he snatches relaxation by exchanging stories with callers. Having finished talking business, Mr. Roosevelt is apt to push away the papers on his desk, lean back in his chair, and tell the visitor a story or some bit of gossip that Secretary Marvin McIntyre or Secretary Stephen Early has brought him.

On Sunday, December 7 of last year, his luncheon was interrupted by the news of Pearl Harbor. One can only imagine the number of decisions which the President had to make during the stress of the next twenty-four hours. On Monday he went before Congress at noon and delivered his war message. Returning to the White House from the Capitol, he had luncheon and then stretched out for a nap. He slept until he was awakened to meet the new Soviet Ambassador, Maxim Litvinov, who had arrived to present his credentials. Mr. Roosevelt came up from his sleep completely refreshed and able to laugh over what Cordell Hull had said off the record to the two Japanese peace emissaries when they came into his office Sunday afternoon just as Secretary Hull heard the news about Pearl Harbor.

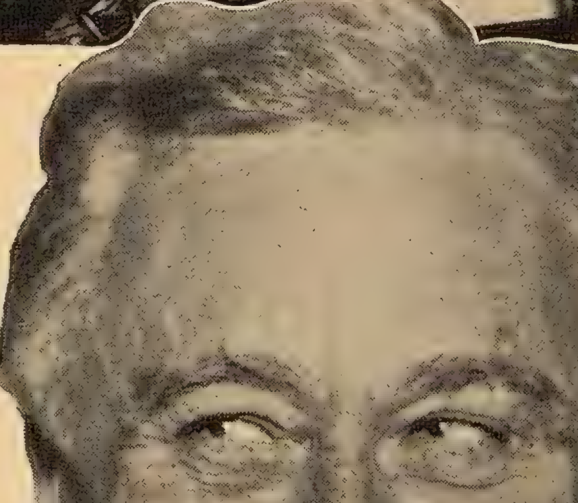
One of the heaviest strains came during Winston Churchill's last visit. The war was going badly in North Africa and Stalin was calling loudly for help in the form of a second front. In addition, Mr. Roosevelt's working schedule was upset by Mr. Churchill's habit of sitting up late and sleeping the next day. The President sat up late but had to be up early. Even at such moments he is always on the lookout for a good story, and every one around him is quick to carry a new one to him. One afternoon he was riding down in the White House elevator, escorted by Charles Claunch, a White House usher. Claunch told him a story which he liked so well that half an hour later he opened another strategy talk with Mr. Churchill by telling it to him. It was the story about the sailor who walked into an auction shop and began bidding on a parrot. The sailor bid five dollars, was raised, bid ten dollars, was raised again, and finally got the parrot for thirty-five.

"Thirty-five dollars is a lot to pay for a bird," said the sailor as he emptied his pocket. "Can the bird talk?"

"Can the bird talk!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Why, that parrot was bidding against you."

Mr. Roosevelt was the same blithe spirit back in the crisis days of March, 1933, when he took office. During night conferences at the White House over the bank holiday, White House Secretary McIntyre and some of the White House newspapermen waiting on the front steps began serenading with barbershop harmony. After hearing them, Mr. Roosevelt sent word that they ought to go on the radio and get a sponsor, preferably a manufacturer of laxatives.

Over the years Mr. Roosevelt has become tired at times, somewhat irritable during exceptionally difficult days, but on the whole I don't think anybody around Washington who has known him over these ten years feels that he has changed to any degree. He is always supremely self-confident, sometimes angry, eager to exchange



He loves a good story, and he is blessed with an ability to relax.

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◇ AK72
♣ AK94

♠ Q1063
♡ 7
◇ J84
♣ Q10532

♠ J854
♡ 1093
◇ Q1063
♣ J7

♠ AK72
♡ AKQ64
◇ 95
♣ 86

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gossip, quick to make a humorous dig at the expense of some opponent or critic, and especially of a stuffed shirt. He is usually inclined to be casual about the future, disposed to delay a decision. He is never thrown into a black mood by pessimistic advisers who are trying to convince him that the worst is about to happen. He has a duck's back and trouble rolls off it easily.

No matter how badly things are going, and at the height of confusion in Washington, Mr. Roosevelt has the air of a man who is in complete control of the situation. This is a source of protection to him. If he wore his nerves on his sleeve, he would soon be torn to pieces in the intense pulling and hauling which surrounds a man in his position. Such a man must insulate himself against it. Nature has done that, fortunately, for Mr. Roosevelt.

Yet this sometimes causes him to procrastinate and temporize, as he did in neglecting to reorganize OPM last winter and in delaying to put the Baruch committee to work on the rubber shortage until eight months after Pearl Harbor. It leads him to be too tolerant of incompetents, misfits, and buck-passing among his associates.

THE big change has occurred not in Mr. Roosevelt but in the circumstances under which he must work. Until December 7 he was always visible to the public, in the White House, going to and from Hyde Park, traveling about the country and taking ocean cruises. Now, for reasons that are obvious, he must remain "off the record" much of the time. If he travels he must do so without benefit of a trainload of reporters and photographers. Often his most important guests must be received in complete secrecy, as was the case with Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, whose presence in Washington was not announced until he had returned to Moscow.

Recently Mr. Roosevelt asked Philip Murray, president of the C. I. O., to the White House for an off-the-record luncheon. Mr. Murray was instructed to arrive at a certain White House gate. A secret service man went there to bring him in. But Mr. Murray went to the wrong gate, and the guard telephoned the White House switchboard that a suspicious-looking character who said his name was Murray was trying to get in to see the President. Mr. Murray was late for luncheon, but the President entertained visitors with the story the rest of the day.

Nothing irks Mr. Roosevelt so much as the restraints which are now imposed on his habit of traveling about. Once recently he rebelled and insisted upon attending a picnic of a favorite group of his, as had been his annual custom. He was prevented from doing so only by firm pressure from the secret service. The change of pace and the fresh impressions which used to come to him from his frequent traveling about the United States have had to be sacrificed. The President now is pretty much of a prisoner of war. Thus the circumstances rather than the President have changed since Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Roosevelt came into the Presidency as richly equipped as any man who has held that office.

First, a President must be a politician. The Presidency is a political office. A President can be effective only by keeping popular support and by being able to obtain support in Congress. Unless a President can do that, though he be the best administrator in the world, he cannot be a successful President. Mr. Hoover demonstrated that. Mr. Roosevelt had excellent laboratory training in New York State politics, and as Vice-Presidential candidate in 1920.

HIS nomination at the Chicago convention in 1932 was not entirely the result of popular support. He finally got the nomination through a deal by which John N. Garner of Texas, the Hearst candidate for President, was given the Vice-Presidential nomination and Garner's Texas and California delegates were thrown to Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidential nomination.

One of the ironies of Mr. Roosevelt's recent attempt to prevent John J. Bennett, Jr., from being nominated for Governor of New York was that Mr. Bennett became Attorney General of New York State and thus started up the ladder because in 1930 Mr. Roosevelt, then running for governor, wanted to strengthen his ticket by adding to it this American Legion favorite from Brooklyn.

There are few tricks of the business that Mr. Roosevelt has not learned in the school of experience. Talk that a President should be above politics and conduct himself as a kind of saint in an ivory tower sounds impressive, but any President who tried to operate that way would fail. I may not make my meaning clear. There are times when the best politics is not to play politics. But to know when to play politics and when not to, I consider the essence of being a good politician in the larger sense.

Second, in addition to being a politician, a President must have capacity as an executive, because the Presidency is an executive office of enormous size. Mr. Roosevelt served a thorough apprenticeship in administration. He was Assistant Secretary of Navy during the first World War. It was an important post and gave him not only experience in public administration but an excellent opportunity for much observation of the methods of government operation at Washington outside of his own Navy Department sphere. He also served two terms as Governor of New York, which is America's best prep school for the Presidency.

Mr. Roosevelt is able to dispose of an enormous volume of business, which is the first requirement of the office routine at the White House. He knows a vast amount about our government because he has a gift of carrying detail in his mind. Yet, for all of his experience, he has shown a good deal of weakness as an administrator. He has always been indifferent to economy of operation, has permitted offices and agencies to continue with fat staffs long after the peak of need had passed. Time and again he has dodged economy demands by asking his critics in Congress to say what agencies should be cut, a gesture intended to throw the onus of firing on Congress—Mr. Roosevelt knowing the chances were good that there would be no cutting down if the job were left to Congress.

He has been slow to delegate authority in clearly defined concentration. From June of 1940 until January of 1942 he remained indifferent to clamor for a centralized, authoritative control over war production. Through several reorganizations he continued to prefer an arrangement which left nobody except himself with real authority. Finally public criticism drove him to give Donald Nelson real power in the creation of the War Production Board.

Bungling of the rubber situation seems almost incredible. For two years before Pearl Harbor some in the government had been warning that our rubber supply might be cut off. Little was done. Germany and Russia had made synthetic rubber. But when Mr. Baruch's committee was named eight months after Pearl Harbor to survey the possibilities of synthetic manufacture, the government had no accurate information as to Russian and German experience with synthetics. Nobody had bothered to go after it.

BUT in the third field of the Presidency Mr. Roosevelt has always shown what seems to me a sure intuition that approaches genius. That is in the field of democratic leadership, in sensing the needs of the times and leading the country toward them.

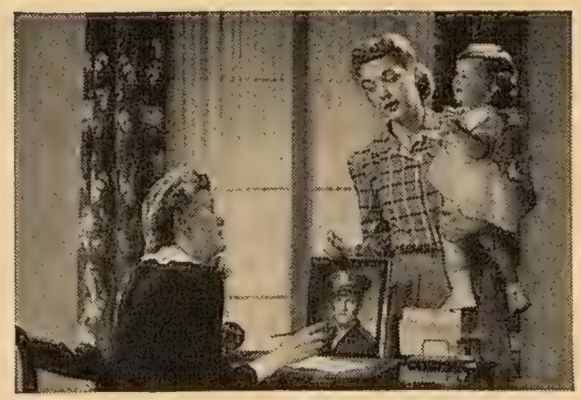
In the early months of 1932, long before he was nominated for President, Mr. Roosevelt saw that the administration then in power was not responding to the needs of a people caught in a hard depression. The Hoover administration had been quick enough to create the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to feed credit to needy banks and industries, but it had been hesitant about offering relief to the unemployed. Mr. Roosevelt dramatized that situation by making himself the champion of the man at the bottom of the economic pyramid.

In a celebrated radio talk in April, 1932, he struck this theme with an appeal on behalf of the "forgotten man." The phrase, from an essay written many years ago by Professor William Graham Sumner, was applied originally to the middle-class business man. But Mr. Roosevelt shifted its application to fit the times, and it undoubtedly attracted to him large numbers of voters who had felt the hard pinch of depression.

That theme blossomed into the New Deal when Mr. Roosevelt delivered his acceptance speech after being

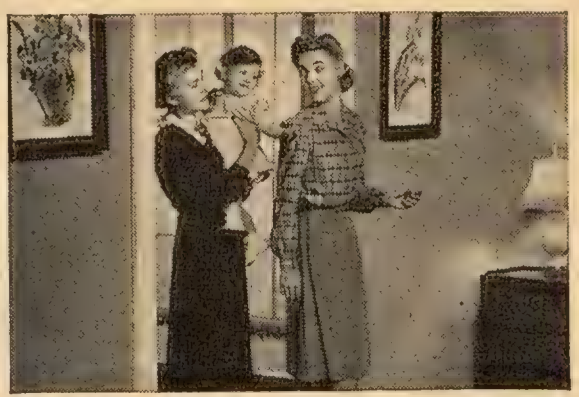
"You've got no right to tell Tom I'm spoiling the baby!"

1. Tom's mother came to live with us when Tom got his commission. And we didn't have a bit of friction till she interfered with my way of raising Sue. "I'm going to write Tom," she said, "about the way you're spoiling that child, with all this nonsense about needing *special* baby's soap, *special* powder, *special* wash cloths. Even a special *laxative!*"



2. "Let me tell you," I said, "that our own doctor approved of the way I'm taking care of Sue. He says a baby *needs* special care because its whole system is different from a grownup's. It's much more delicate.

3. "So Doctor said it certainly makes sense to give the baby a laxative that's made *especially* for children—Fletcher's Castoria. I've found he's right, too. Fletcher's Castoria is effective, yet it's safe and gentle.



4. "And another thing. I've found that Fletcher's Castoria works almost naturally, overnight, so I can give it to the baby at bedtime and it doesn't disturb her sleep. Seems to me that's important."

5. Mother seemed willing to agree, but what finally convinced her was the way our druggist recommended and praised Fletcher's Castoria. "Why, it even tastes good, so children never have to be *forced* to take it!"

6. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle. And next time Sue needed a laxative, I called mother to see how the baby *liked* to take Fletcher's Castoria. Well, mother just gave me a little hug that said, "I was wrong."

Always take a laxative as directed
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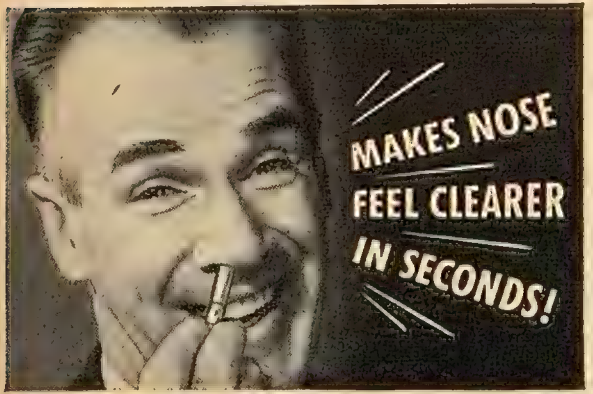

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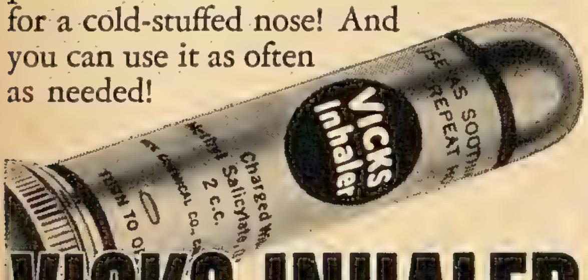

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CHILDREN'S COLDS

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nominated for President. It was further expanded in the historic speech to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, made during the campaign but couched in such quiet, thoughtful language that it received little attention at the time, although containing the general basic blueprint of the New Deal.

On that structure Mr. Roosevelt achieved his phenomenal popularity as a spokesman for the mass of the American people. His readiness to experiment, to try devices with total disregard of precedent or supposedly immutable rules of classroom economics, broke the rigidity of the national government at a time when it was permitting a national economic breakdown out of a sheer sense of helplessness at Washington. Many mistakes were made, but the important thing was that at last the national government was attempting to deal with the distress of the people. Mr. Roosevelt's bold, unintimidated aggressiveness in that respect was timely and fortunate.

Again, as the war was gathering in Europe, Mr. Roosevelt sensed the danger and was early in trying to make the American people aware of it. His leadership through the period from Munich to Pearl Harbor, indeed from his quarantine speech a year before Munich, was exercised courageously in face of much difficulty.

The nature of the war, its slow gathering of momentum, the deep-rooted attitude of the American people, whose faith in the protection afforded by the two oceans was as large as it was mistaken, all added to the difficulty of Mr. Roosevelt's task of leadership. The importance of Britain's survival to our safety was difficult to explain convincingly.

FRANCE fell just as the 1940 Presidential campaign was beginning. Mr. Roosevelt knew that Great Britain needed destroyers from us, but it was only after obtaining a private understanding with his opponent, Wendell Willkie, that he felt it politically safe to make the trade of destroyers for bases on our side of the Atlantic. When historians working over this period come upon evidence that Mr. Roosevelt was moving slowly, let them also check the state of mind of the country and test his leadership by the weight he had to pull.

There were times when his impatience broke through. Italy went to war just as the political campaign opened here in 1940, and Mr. Roosevelt was trying generally not to give the isolationists any unnecessary ammunition. But it happened that the day Italy declared war was the day Mr. Roosevelt was to deliver a commencement address at the University of Virginia where his son Franklin was getting his law degree. His prepared text was rather mild. But suddenly in the midst of the speech he interpolated the sentence: "The hand that held the dagger has plunged it into the back of its neighbor." It was a sensational slug at Mussolini. Mr. Roosevelt, while on his way to Charlottesville by train, had been listening to the radio accounts of Italy's declaration of war on France and wrote the "stab in the back" phrase into his advance text in his own bold hand. To give it additional emphasis, he let it come out as an extemporaneous interjection.

The expected furor developed, and again Mr. Roosevelt was accused of warmongering by speaking thus of a nation with which we were not at war. But his feeling was so strong that he went through with it, realizing that although he probably was far ahead of the country, it was time to shock the country into some feeling.

YET Mr. Roosevelt felt obliged during that Presidential campaign to make promises which, while carrying some political advantage, were inconsistent with what he might have to do as President. The Democratic platform of 1940 had stated that "We will not participate in foreign wars and we will not send our Army, naval or air forces to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas, except in case of attack." Mr. Roosevelt, in some of his campaign speeches, made similar and slightly stronger statements, although he knew that the chances of our escaping war were diminishing rapidly.

Fortunately the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor relieved him of having to make the supreme decision, just at the moment when he was facing the necessity of making it. Japan's march down through the southwest Pacific was drawing us more closely toward war. We were having trouble deciding at what point we would intervene. Had Japan gone on down through Malaya and taken Singapore without first attacking the Philippines, Mr. Roosevelt would have had to choose between the letter of his campaign promise not to send American forces to fight unless we were attacked and the reality that Japan, without actually attacking us, was destroying our position in the Pacific by encirclement.

By attacking Pearl Harbor, Japan cut him loose from the thongs of his political promises. Thus it may be that circumstance relieved him of the most severe test of his public career, and overnight presented him with a united country.

Mr. Roosevelt has enjoyed an exceptionally long reign of popularity. After eight years in the White House he took a third term with 85 per cent of the electoral vote. He has served more than a year and a half of his third term and his popularity does not appear to have receded to any marked extent. Nine months of mostly military defeat do not seem to have left any deep marks as yet upon his position as the leader of the nation. For all of his weaknesses and mistakes, the strength seems to remain in its great abundance.

George Creel, noted author, veteran wartime publicist, will discuss Mr. Roosevelt both as leader and as wartime executive in Liberty next week.

A WEAPON THE AXIS COULD NEVER MATCH

Continued from Page 11

of the armed forces who opposed his aviation views.

In his statement he blamed Commander Lansdowne's superiors for the crash. Rosendahl took the stand as a government witness during the court-martial—for Mitchell had made one of his rare factual mistakes in his detailed analysis of the Shenandoah tragedy. And Rosendahl, then as now a stickler for facts, had to take the stand and prove that Mitchell was in error on two counts.

Despite this testimony, the two became firm friends when the court-martial was over. To his dying day Mitchell would telephone Rosendahl from all parts of the country whenever he heard of a new lighter-than-air development. He looked upon the young navy hero as the Mitchell of lighter-than-air service.

When I saw Rosendahl, a few days before he left his Washington post, he talked about Mitchell's long-forgotten plans. "That Billy Mitchell!" he laughed. "He came within a hair's-breadth of getting us one gigantic airship program right after the armistice. He understood the role of airships in modern war, and he knew he'd have to convince every one in a very dramatic way—the way he convinced the world that bombs could sink battleships.

"When the war ended, he knew that the Germans had just about completed an airship designed to fly from Germany, bomb New York, and fly back nonstop. He scratched around in his files and ran across an appropriation that every one had apparently forgotten. So he quietly proceeded to assemble an airship crew. His plan was to rush to Germany, buy the big airship, and fly it back to the States himself. It would have created a sensation and sold every one on lighter-than-air. But the French got there first and grabbed the ship before the Mitchell expedition could start for Europe."

THE Mitchell scheme was born while Rosendahl was a twenty-seven-year-old lieutenant doing destroyer duty in the Atlantic. The son of Swedish immigrant parents, Rosendahl entered Annapolis after graduating from the Cleburne, Texas, high school in 1910. He served at sea from 1914 to 1921, when he returned to the Naval Academy as an instructor. When the navy called for volunteers to enter the lighter-than-air service in 1923, he was one of the first to take training as an airship aviator.

Ten years were to elapse before he saw the sea from any naval vessel but an airship. They were crowded years, marked by his experience on the Shenandoah, the knowledge he gained as commander of the airships Los Angeles and Akron, and three years of directing the Rigid Airship Training and Experimental Section of the Navy. He put in some time in Europe, studying airship developments in England and Germany, flying the Atlantic as the American observer on the first trip of the Graf Zeppelin.

Captain Charles Emery Rosendahl

When he entered the airship field he quickly learned that the landing methods stood in the way of further developments. The big ships were landed by ground crews who grabbed the ships' ropes and guided them into the huge hangars. At the Experimental Section, Rosendahl started to work on mechanical handling methods. Out of this project came the short mobile mooring mast and the other mechanical equipment which today enables our young fleet of blimp submarine killers to take off and land in weather that keeps airplanes grounded.

OTHER navy experiments at about that time laid the groundwork for later tests of dirigibles as airplane carriers, tests carried out when Rosendahl took command of the Akron in 1931. Using a simple hook device, the navy worked out a way for airplanes to attach themselves to dirigibles while in flight. The planes were then hauled up into the big ships, and their pilots either landed with the dirigibles or climbed back into their own craft and were dropped off. The first of these hook-on landings was made on the Los Angeles. More than 3,000 hook-on landings and mid-air plane launchings were made by planes detailed to the Akron and the Macon.

Despite the pressure of his official duties, Rosendahl managed to find time to crusade for an airship program that would vastly improve our defenses. He appeared before Congressional committees, lectured, and wrote articles. Then, to make his ideas stick, he wrote a book. In 1932, when his Up Ship! was published, it proved to be one of the most important books on America's defense problems ever written. It showed how the American monopoly of the world's helium put us ahead of other military Powers. A hydrogen-filled ship is a floating torch, Rosendahl said, while helium actually extinguishes fire. Moreover, our long shore lines were simply begging for constant aerial patrol if war came.

Rosendahl's program then was substantially the same as it is today. He called for a fleet of coastal patrol blimps and a fleet of huge dirigible aircraft carriers. As he described them, the airplane mother ships, each carrying ten bombers or fifteen interceptors, could cruise for days on end at speeds of more than a mile a minute. They would be equipped with observation cars hanging as far as 3,000 feet below the ships while the captains hid the carriers themselves in the thick cloud formations over the ocean. Less than five minutes after warning from the observer below, the planes would be winging their way to drop bombs on enemy surface ships or do battle with enemy planes. From the radio rooms of the dirigibles warnings of approaching enemy units would be flashed to our air and naval bases.

WHAT these carriers could have done at Pearl Harbor and over the Aleutians is a question lighter-than-air advocates raise quite often these days. When Rosendahl first proposed them, and as he kept on proposing them, his pleas fell on ears more or less deaf.

As for coastal patrol blimps, the first World War had proved them to be the most successful of all antisubmarine measures. Congress, however, had its hands full with the depression. Expansion of our armed forces, let alone our very meager airship program, seemed impossible. When things looked blackest, in 1932, the navy transferred Rosendahl to sea duty.

Two years later he was made commander of the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. He took command during the leanest era in naval history. The disasters which had led to the loss of the Akron in 1933 and the Macon in 1935 added to the growing feeling in Congress and in other influential quarters that lighter-than-air operations were impractical.

The Los Angeles had been dismantled in 1929—a "tragic mistake," in Rosendahl's opinion—and when the Macon was lost, a handful of nonrigid blimps of World War vintage were all that remained of America's airship fleet.

Under Rosendahl, men trained for airship service in these blimps. In 1936, when the Hindenburg started to use the Lakehurst post as its American terminal, the students were at least able to see, if not fly, a modern dirigible. Rosendahl made several Atlantic crossings in it, and he always managed to get a few American airship officers on board.

Fortunately there were none on board when it made its first trip of the season from Europe to America in 1937. That was the trip which saw the Hindenburg go up in flames as it prepared to dock at Lakehurst.

Although it would never have caught fire had it been filled with helium, the end of the German ship just about spelled the end of the American airship program. In 1938 the army abandoned its lighter-than-air project, turning over to the navy its great fleet of exactly two training blimps. And in the same year Rosendahl was transferred to sea again.

The second World War broke out while Rosendahl was serving as executive officer of the U. S. S. Milwaukee. America's monopoly of helium kept the Nazis from building giant airships for war. America was the only country whose geographical position enabled it to use airships for coastal defense—and we had the helium they needed.

Still, nothing was done about expanding our airship program for nearly a year after the war started.

IN the spring of 1940 Secretary of the Navy Edison met Rosendahl in New Jersey. Rosendahl talked for hours about the need for blimps to protect our freighters from Nazi subs as they plied the routes to England. He spoke of the blimps and he painted word pictures of sleek far-ranging dirigible aircraft carriers.

"We can build six of these carriers for the price of one surface cruiser," he told Edison. "They can travel twice as fast as a destroyer, and six of them can mother as many planes as one surface carrier. They use less strategic materials than anything else that flies or floats—cotton cloth constitutes the great bulk of an airship. A dirigible carries a smaller crew than a destroyer, and it can cruise around for a week without refueling."

Edison was all ears. "You have a new job in this navy," he said.

Rosendahl went to Washington, hung his hat in a bare office, sat down behind an oak desk and went to work. A month later Congress passed the bill which included a provision for forty-eight nonrigid blimps. On paper, at least, we now had the beginnings of an airship program.

Actually, when the bill passed, the United States Navy airship fleet was smaller than the Goodyear fleet of sight-seeing and experimental blimps. Between the World Wars exactly one blimp of the modern patrol type had been ordered by the navy—the K-2, delivered in 1939. This, a few blimps left over from the last war, the two blimps the army turned over in 1938, and two used Goodyear trainers were about all we had.

By the time Congress passed the needed bill, Edison sat in the New Jersey Governor's Mansion at Trenton, and Rosendahl had a fine case of nervous indigestion. Not until August, 1941, did the Congressional authorization go through—which meant that when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor the navy specialists and civilian scientists working under Rosendahl on the airship project were just about getting the "bugs" out of the experimental blimps.

The old Goodyear trainers and army blimps were pressed into service as submarine killers in the Pacific. They are still on duty there today. The production of the needed blimps and the training of their crews were speeded up. Blimp stations were built at Lakehurst, New Jersey; South Weymouth, Massachusetts; Elizabeth City, North Carolina; and Moffett Field in San Francisco.

Within a month practically every man in the new airship coast patrol had seen action against undersea raiders. The number of Nazi and Jap subs sent to the bottom by patrol blimps or by bombers summoned to the scene by these airships is a closely guarded secret—but it was large enough to warrant the construction of new bases in Florida, California, and Oregon. Plans are afoot for three new blimp stations in Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas.

The success of the tiny blimps made the first big dent in the prejudice against lighter-than-air operations. In June, Congress called for 200 new airships and authorized the navy to include rigid ships to this number.

Rosendahl started to press for dirigible aircraft carriers, but in the middle of his campaign he was transferred to sea duty. The transfer went through on August 15.

I saw him last the week before he went to sea. We sat in his office at the Navy Department. He was clearing up his papers and his desk as we talked.

"The blimps are doing a magnificent job," he said. "But they only operate off our shores. If we had big rigid aircraft carriers, each one half again as large as the Hindenburg, we could smack the Axis even harder. And we'd have one weapon the Axis could never match—a distinctly American weapon.

"Vulnerable? Sure these airship carriers would be vulnerable. So is any ship in the air, on the sea, or under the sea. But an airship can't be torpedoed and, unless its captain is stupid, it always flies above the range of antiaircraft guns.

"Airplanes are the only things that can bring an airship down, but they won't find their job so easy. An airship can mount more guns and carry more ammunition than any plane. These guns can protect the airship from below, from the sides, and even from above. They're on a stationary platform, handled by men who have a better chance of hitting the plane than the plane has of hitting them."

HE cited instances of hydrogen-filled German dirigibles of the last war making their way back to safety after Allied gunners had emptied one third of their gas bags with machine-gun bullets. "And remember," he said, "an airship is too fast and maneuverable a target for dive bombers. It carries its own escort of airplane fighters. And if an airship carrier is downed with all of its planes on board, it's still a much smaller loss in men and equipment than a sunken surface carrier. Replacing it takes much less time and material, too."

While going through his papers, Rosendahl came across an old letter from Mayor LaGuardia. "Hell," he sighed, "this might have been the solution." It was all that remained of the project he had conceived for New York's World's Fair. The idea had been dramatic. He had wanted LaGuardia to get the Fair officials to build an airship larger than any ever built before. On board there would be a huge lounge, a dance floor, and a cocktail room. The dirigible would constantly fly over the Fair and over Manhattan, and would make short nightly cruises to points like Boston and Philadelphia. Passengers would reach and leave the big ship in only one way—by plane.

"It would have made the New York Fair known forever as the Airship Fair," Rosendahl smiled. "And at the same time it would have made millions of enthusiastic boosters for naval airship carriers. LaGuardia tried his darnedest, but he just couldn't raise the two million bucks the project demanded."

THEN he grew very serious. "A lot of people are saying that we couldn't have a rigid-airship program ready for *this* war. That's a slur on the navy and on private airship leaders like Litchfield of Goodyear, as well as on all the scientists who've been working on the project. We did our experimenting on the four big dirigibles we had in the '20s and '30s. We learned plenty from the Germans. And never forget—we have the helium!

"We can launch this program right now and make it succeed. It won't compete with heavier-than-air or surface ships—the dirigibles are meant to supplement their tasks. And after the war we'll have an airship industry that will startle the world."

Rosendahl sees the airship holding its definite place in the postwar commercial field. "It will be a transocean service only slightly slower than airplanes, much more comfortable than any other service, and only slightly more expensive than steamship travel. Giant airships will carry 100 passengers and 20,000 pounds of mail across the Atlantic in about fifty hours, across the Pacific in about seventy hours."

In this projected commercial service, passengers and mail will be dropped and picked up along the routes by plane. "It will be safe, too," Rosendahl said. "The Germans started to fly passengers on regularly scheduled commercial flights as far back as 1910. Between that time and the Hindenburg fire they carried 354,265 passengers without a single loss of life. And, at that, only thirteen passengers were lost in the fire. The Goodyear record is even better. Flying day in and day out for nearly fifteen years, their blimps carried 400,000 passengers for a total of over 4,000,000 miles without even wrenching an ankle.

"But the important thing now is that we're at war, and airships can do more than their share to help us win."

THE END

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PEOPLE MUSTN'T STOP SINGING

Continued from Page 9

looking at his face. He seemed to feel it, because pretty soon he put down his work and frowned at me.

"Did you practice today, Timmy boy?" he asked me.

Whenever he called me "Timmy boy" it meant he was sore about something or getting ready to be sore.

"No, not yet," I said.

"Then what are you hanging around here for?" Now he was plain angry. "Go home and get to work! The day's almost gone."

Usually I got four hours in on the fiddle every day. That was my job, Ralph always said. I started to go without saying anything, although I would have liked him to know that he wasn't fooling me one bit. What had to be settled between us didn't have anything to do with the violin. It had something to do with Walt.

Ralph called me back. "Just a minute, Timmy." He was pleasant now, as if to show me he was sorry for bawling me out. "Tell mom I won't be home for supper. I won't be home till pretty late."

I guess he had a date with Jacqueline.

Ralph was dumb about dames. Anyway, he certainly was a chump when he dropped Martha for Jackie. All Jackie had was what you might call a certain kind of glamour. A high shine on the outside—put on. Martha was like an apple tree in bloom. The shine was all her own. But who was I to tell Ralph what girl to go with? I was thankful that he was dumb about girls. Martha was hardly more than three years older than me and I figured that some day that wouldn't matter.

MARTHA came over that night after supper while I was practicing the Beethoven concerto. Mom was sitting in her chair, knitting.

"Hello, Mrs. Sanderson. Hello, Tim." Even when Martha talked it was like singing. "I heard Tim playing and I thought I'd join in." Martha lives just a little way up the road from us, first farm on the right.

"I could play the first movement with you," I said. "But I don't know the rest of it well enough yet."

The way she glanced around as she came in, I knew she was looking for Ralph. There hadn't been any quarrel between them. All that happened was that Ralph met Jackie six months before, when she came to Danville to be secretary to somebody at the factory, and soon after that he wasn't going out with Martha any more.

But when Martha sat down at the piano to accompany me, she played as if that was all she was there for. She's a very good musician. I got through the movement all right, and then mom asked me to play her favorite, Kreisler's Caprice Viennois. It was the way I played that piece two years ago for Mr. Potocki, my violin teacher, that made him say I'd be a good violinist some day—and not so far off, either.

"I punched cattle in the Panhandle, dealt faro in the Klondike, and fought Indians in Utah! Whaddya mean you won't take orders from a woman boss?"

We started playing it, and mom put her knitting down and looked up at me. I didn't dare more than glance at her now and then, because I knew what she was thinking about. The caprice had been one of Walt's favorites too. I'd played it for him the last time we saw him.

Nothing happened until I got into the second part where the double stops begin, all melody, about as pure and tender and haunting as anything in all violin music. Then she was suddenly sobbing. She got up and hurried out of the room. Martha and I started after her, but then we stopped, realizing that it was best to leave her alone—she wanted to be alone.

We didn't play any more after that. Martha picked up mom's knitting and sat down with it to straighten it out. I laid my violin on the piano, sat down on the stool and watched her, wondering how any one could be so beautiful, and trying to think of something to talk about.

It was so quiet we could hear the spring peepers singing outside. Martha put mom's knitting back into the knitting bag and said, "How's Ralph?"

"Ralph's all right," I said, "Ralph's still got his deferment and he's fine." It just slipped out.

"Oh, Timmy," she said, looking at me with those big gray eyes of hers. "I know you're all upset about Walt, and I know how you feel, but that's no way to talk."

"'I know how you feel.' Same thing the sergeant said," I told her. "But you don't know and he don't know. Nobody knows how I feel."

"What sergeant?" she asked me.

So I had to tell her about trying to enlist.

"Oh, Timmy," she said again, and she got up and looked at me as if she wanted to shake me. "You have to think of your mother. If she ever needed you, she needs you now."

"But somebody's got to fight, Martha," I said.

"And because they won't let you, you think Ralph ought to go. But what would you and your mother do without him?"

"We'd get along."

"Don't you think Ralph knows what's right?" she said. "Don't you think he'd go if he could?"

"All I know is, he ain't going."

"You're so big, and still you're such a child sometimes," she said and started for the door. I went after her. "I know you loved Walt very much," she said, "but you mustn't let it make you bitter toward other people. Ralph loved him too." She patted my face and gave me a little kiss on the cheek, and I couldn't stand it any more. I took her by the arms and kissed her hard. Then I got scared and let her go. She didn't seem angry, only startled and surprised. "Why, Timmy!" she said. "You're a big boy, after all, aren't you?" She laughed, patted my cheek again, turned around, and went away.

I watched her go down the road until she was hidden in the dark. Then I went to the piano, picked up the violin, looked at it for a minute, and put it away—for good. I was tired of people treating me like a kid and I was going to do something about it. Martha wasn't going to give me any more of that "big boy" stuff. And Ralph was going to find out that I was no dependent. He was going to find it out fast.

RALPH had his own workshop fitted out in the basement. A swell bench and a lathe and a drill press and just about every kind of hand tool a man would want—good things, collected carefully over the years. I was always handy with tools. I'd done a lot of model building and had made my own miniature engine for a model airplane that was one of the best gas jobs in town. I used to be down in the workshop a lot until mom and Ralph made me stop, with Mr. Potocki's approval, afraid I'd hurt my fingers on one of the machines. But if it had to be either machinery or the fiddle, it was going to be machinery, I decided. The fiddle could wait—just as Walt had said being a doctor could wait.

I poked around in the tool cabinet and found a pillbox that had a few small industrial diamonds in it. They were all uncut, but I found a little one that had a pretty good natural edge on it which I thought would be good enough to practice with. I gathered together everything else I needed and went to work making a diamond lathe tool, the way I'd seen Ralph do it. I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but I didn't expect it to be as tough as it turned out to be. There was a nervousness in my fingers that made it seem they knew they were doing something they shouldn't. The shims slipped around and the diamond popped out when I tried to punch the end of the tool. I had a time finding it, but I did finally, and got it pinned in place. When it came to the brazing, I used too much flux and I had to stop and put out the torch and clean it up, and then the diamond got loose again, and that's the way it went.

I didn't think about goggles and I had the torch going so long that my eyes went back on me suddenly and I burnt the tip of my left thumb. Just a touch of the flame but, even so, I was lucky I didn't burn the nail off. I poured vinegar over it and tied it up and started again, with goggles.

I didn't realize how late it was and I was so startled when I saw Ralph coming down the stairs that I dropped my file. It must have been the sound of the filing that he heard.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked me, trying not to be angry.

I showed him the tool I'd made. "My first try," I said, hoping he wouldn't find too much fault with it.

Looking at it, he seemed to forget what he'd been trying not to be angry about—that I'd been using the machines. He was a toolmaker examining a tool, and that was all that mattered just then. I don't think he would have noticed it if the place had been on fire. "Not bad," he said, "but there's too much of the stone showing." He spoke as if I was one of the men at the shop, learning something. "It would break out as soon as you put any work against it. You've burnt the solder too. It's all oxidized." He looked at me with a kind, patient smile. "Now, next time you want to . . ." He stopped and put the tool down, as if suddenly remembering who I was. "You know you oughtn't to be fooling around down here," he said then, not smiling any more. "What's the matter with your hand? Why are you hiding it?"

He made me show him my thumb.

"You damn fool!" he said. "You damn little fool! Don't all those years of lessons and practicing mean anything to you? Now you keep out of here! Don't let me catch you down here again!"

I felt pretty shaky but I stood up to him. "The fiddle's put away," I said, "for the duration."

"What?" Ralph said. "What are you talking about?"

"You may as well get it straight," I said. "One reason you're *not* staying out of the army is just so I can play the violin."

FOR a second I thought he was going to haul off and sluff me one. I'm almost as tall as Ralph but he's twice as wide, and I wasn't kidding myself that he couldn't break me in half. But then mom came down.

"What's all the commotion about, this time of night?"

We didn't tell mom everything, just kept to the question of the violin. We left the other part of the argument, about the army, out of it.

Of course mom took Ralph's side.

"Timmy, you don't know how wrong you are," she said. "You don't know how sorry you'll be if you give up your music."

"Mom," I said, "I'm grateful to you for making me practice when I was a kid and didn't want to. I'm glad you made me stay with it till I got to love it. I know what I'm giving up—but it'll only be for a while. The way I feel now—well, it's no time for fiddling."

"But suppose you hurt one of your fingers permanently?"

"Just one little slip," Ralph said, "and you might never be able to play the violin again."

I thought of the man at the shop who'd once had a couple of fingers mashed, and it was a very unpleasant picture. I put it out of my mind.

"That's the chance I have to take," I said.

Mom always said I was stubborn, and I guess I am, sometimes. I stick with a thing no matter what anybody says till I'm sure whether it's right for me or not—and sometimes I cross myself up, one way or another, before I find out.

RALPH and mom didn't try to stop me any more from using the workshop and I spent every hour I could spare after school down in the basement. In less than a week I had a pretty good diamond turning tool. I tried it on our own lathe at twenty-four hundred r. p. m.s and it cut fine and slick, so I knew it was all right. Then one day, when Ralph was out for lunch, I stepped into the machine shop and showed it to Mr. Hollinger.

"Pretty good," he said. "Not bad at all. But what are you aiming at?"

"I want a job."

"You know you've got to go to school, don't you?"

"I could go at night, to the new vocational school," I said. "And there's no reason why I couldn't take Ralph's place after a while."

"Take Ralph's place?"

"Well," I said, "they won't let *me* fight."

Mr. Hollinger put his specs up on his forehead and looked at me as if he'd never seen me before. Then he said, "Come here!" kind of gruff, and took me to Ralph's bench. There were some blueprints on it. Hollinger picked one up and stuck it in front of my nose. "Tell me what you'd do with that."

I never saw so many fine lines and dots and circles and figures. I couldn't make head or tail of it.

"I guess it would take a little while before I could make up a new part like that," I said.

"Oh, it would!" Mr. Hollinger said, and he seemed to get out of patience with me all at once. "Do you know how many years it takes to make a machinist like Ralph?" he shouted at me.

"No," I said. "I guess I don't."

"Don't you know Ralph was even younger than you when he started in this shop?"

"Yes," I said. "But I guess I kind of forgot."

"So it would be an awful long time before you could take Ralph's place, wouldn't it?" Hollinger shouted, louder than he had to, even though some of the machines were going.

"Yes, I guess it would," I said. I turned to go, and came face to face with Ralph. I could tell from the way he looked at me that he must have heard the last thing Hollinger said. I

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THERE'S THAT GOSSIP GLADYS DIGGING UP DIRT AGAIN

YOU SHOULD RAISE A FAMILY
BUT I'M AFRAID OF THE STORK—HE EATS WORMS!

never saw such hard grimness in anybody's eyes before. It made me feel weak. I sidestepped him and went out of there, but some of that feeling stayed with me for the rest of the day.

The next night, when Ralph came home from work, mom and I were surprised to see that he was alone. He was supposed to bring Jackie to have dinner with us that night.

"Is Jackie coming later?" mom asked him.

"No, mom. She isn't coming at all," Ralph said.

I thought I saw a flash of relief on mom's face. She had never let on to Ralph and never said anything to me, but I'd guessed that she didn't like Jackie any more than I did. There was a kind of snakiness about that girl that Ralph must have been blind to but that mom and I both felt. In her over-politeness, for one thing. Jackie had a way of trying to be nice to you that made you uneasy. She didn't let up for a minute, and you couldn't help feeling that she didn't do it just to be nice but to make things smooth for herself.

Ralph was very quiet and thoughtful when we sat down to dinner. "Mom," he said suddenly, "I enlisted in the army this noon." He gave me a calm steady look, and then started eating.

"Gee, Ralph!" I said. "Gee, that's great! I wish I was going."

"They've got to get me straightened out on account of my deferment in the first draft—it all went down in the application—but it shouldn't take too long before I'm with the engineers," Ralph said.

Mom couldn't say anything for a minute. I was afraid she was going to cry, but then she slumped a little in her chair and it was as if something had gone out of her and she couldn't cry any more.

"IF you're sure that's what you ought to do, Ralph," she said. "You must have thought it over carefully, and there's nothing more to be said about it."

"There are the defense bonds," Ralph said. "Strange, though, taking our money back from the government."

"I'll get work in a shop somewhere, if Hollinger won't take me," I said. "And after a while we'll buy some more bonds."

"Don't worry about us, Ralph. We'll manage," mom said. "Did you tell Jackie?"

"Yes. We had an argument about it. That's why she didn't get here tonight. She doesn't want a soldier for a husband. She said she wants a man who's going to be around. So it's all over." He grinned when he said it, but it wasn't a happy grin.

"Well, if it's all over," mom said, "I don't mind telling you I'm not sorry to hear it. That's one good thing came out of your enlisting."

"Yeah, Ralph," I said. "If not for that, you might not have found out what kind of a woman she is."

"Shut up, Timmy boy," Ralph said, and went on eating.

MR. HOLLINGER was out of town all that week seeing about some contracts, so Ralph was working very hard, running the shop. He didn't get home till pretty late most nights, and worked all day Saturday and Sunday too. It was time to get our garden in and I had to do it all myself. What with school and studying a machinist's handbook evenings, it was a big week for me. But I was glad to be busy. The week passed slowly enough as it was. We just felt we were marking time until Ralph went away.

Monday night we had just finished dinner, and I was wondering how it would be with Ralph gone, when Mr. Hollinger came barging in. He was all up in the air, and when Mr. Hollinger's up in the air, it's something to see.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Sanderson, I don't care for any coffee," he said. He glared at me and then at Ralph and whipped a letter out of his pocket. "I just got back and took a look in the shop and this is what I found. The procurement division wants to know if you're replaceable or not! Didn't we go all through that a year and a half ago?"

"Yes, but things were different then," Ralph said.

"That's right," Mr. Hollinger said. "It was hard to find toolmakers then—and now it's practically impossible. But you want to join the army—and help make a nice little bottleneck somewhere in the munitions industry!"

Ralph looked at me sideways but didn't say a word. I looked into my coffee cup.

"Well," Mr. Hollinger said, "I'm going to tell the procurement division the truth—that you can't be spared. The point is, Ralph, that you can kill a lot more Japs and Nazis by staying right where you are, and that's the simplest way I can put it."

Ralph looked foolish—and I didn't feel very smart myself.

Mr. Hollinger cooled down enough to apologize to mom for breaking in the way he did and losing his temper.

"It's all right," mom said. "I can understand it."

"See you in the morning, Ralph," Mr. Hollinger said. "There's some new stuff we've got to get at quick."

"O. K., Mr. Hollinger," Ralph said.

After the boss left, mom said to Ralph, "I know, son—it's harder to stay than to go."

And it hit me all at once that my feelings weren't so different from other people's. I'd been too wrapped up in myself, thinking about how I felt, to understand that Ralph must have felt the same way. I looked at Ralph and he gave me that lopsided smile of his, and I wanted to tell him that I was sorry for being so damn stupid, but it was a hard thing to say, so I went to the parlor and took out my violin and tuned it up. My thumb was healed by then. I looked at my fingers and remembered about that man at the machine shop and I got an awful chill. Maybe I'd better quit playing around with lathes going at twenty-four hundred r. p. m.s, I thought. I could be some kind of engineer or inventor and still be a musician, like the great pianist, Josef Hofmann, maybe. I'd have to look into it. Then I got into the music and forgot everything else. It was wonderful to play again.

Mom and Ralph came in and sat down to listen. Mom knitted and Ralph smoked his pipe and they both looked more peaceful than they had in a long time.

"Timmy," mom said, "the world needs music now more than ever. People mustn't stop singing. Not everybody can fight and somebody's got to keep playing. If music and the other beautiful things in life stopped, it would be hard to remember what we're fighting for."

After I played a couple of pieces, Ralph suddenly got up. "I'll be back," he said, going out. When he came in again, Martha was with him. They were smiling and holding hands, I noticed, and it certainly looked as if I'd crossed myself up good that time, but I kept on playing.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1. John Jay.
2. An addition to or alteration in a will.
3. Douglas MacArthur.
4. Yes. If he should inherit money or property his family might run into difficulty unless there is a will.
5. Arizona. February 14, 1912.
6. From Siberia. The Eskimos' normal food supply had been depleted by white whalers.
7. Andrew Jackson.
8. Annapolis, Olympia, and Tallahassee.
9. According to President Roosevelt, three times as many have been sent overseas.
10. He was the pro-Axis Foreign Minister of Spain.
11. The launching of 174 ships—almost double the record set in World War 1.
12. Hank Borowy, Yankee pitcher, had completed what seemed to be a no-hit game, but the official scorer had ruled that a first-inning blow was a hit, not an error.
13. Cuban Pete, Goodtime Charlie, Oh, Johnny, Bill, Jim.
14. Lieutenant John James Powers, in the Battle of the Coral Sea.
15. Lieutenant general.
16. 2,700.
17. The volcanic explosion on the island of Krakatao in 1883—heard 1,400 miles away.
18. Electron, a physics and chemistry term. The others are units of electrical measurement.
19. The Wagner Act.
20. In 1892, James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan in twenty-one rounds at New Orleans.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

1	2	3	▨	4	5	6	▨	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14			▨	15			▨	16						
17			18				▨	19				▨	20	
21						▨	22				▨	23		
▨	▨	24			▨	25				▨	26			
27	28			▨	29				▨	30			▨	
31			▨	32				▨	33				34	
35		▨	36					37				▨	38	
39		40				▨	41				▨	42		
	▨	43			▨	44				▨	45			
46	47			▨	48				▨	49			▨	▨
50			▨	51				▨	52				53	54
55		▨	56				▨	57						
58		59					▨	60			▨	61		
62							▨	63			▨	64		

HORIZONTAL

1 Fellow with aleutians of grandeur
4 What front porches do when overcrowded with groceries
7 Second Frontiersmen
14 Le Gallienne
15 Store hair
16 He won't exactly hate to see the Rising Sun go down
17 The Kellys of Park Avenue (slang)
19 Though entirely cleaned out and depressed, they're in the scrap
20 Vichyated Heilers (abbr.)
21 Medieval rattraps gals are catching their hair in these days
22 All sleepers have two, between the back and front
23 Guy whose name ends in a sneeze
24 Must be ironed out before using
25 How things are in the berry business
26 Upper stratosphere headgear
27 Toast but no tea
29 Bad when the sheriffs do it on your house
30 Nora washed them so long, she got a dish what?
31 This makes me sore!
32 Vic's woman
33 Stadium turkey (two words)
35 Wonderless human extremity
36 They'll bare everything for their public (slang)
38 Offspring of Mass. and Conn.
39 Parked the carcass over the plate and took swipes at the old onion with the old onion pickler
41 Eye twitch, can cause heart trouble
42 The greatest folly
43 I'm an amazin' amazon
44 Adult beings who lose their mental perspective when small objects are propelled or carried comparatively short distances (nuts to you!)
45 Kind of man who eats off treetops
46 Hillbilly shower bath

A	P	E	D	■	F	E	T	I	D	■	D	A	M	S
L	I	M	E	■	O	V	A	T	E	■	E	V	I	L
A	N	I	L	■	R	A	R	E	R	■	P	O	L	E
S	E	R	E	■	A	D	O	■	I	R	O	N	E	D
■	■	■	G	A	G	E	■	I	S	I	S	■	■	■
S	A	V	A	G	E	■	P	R	I	M	E	V	A	L
I	R	A	T	E	■	B	E	E	V	E	■	A	W	E
M	I	M	E	■	C	R	A	N	E	■	S	L	A	V
A	S	P	■	G	R	A	C	E	■	S	P	I	R	E
R	E	S	O	L	U	T	E	■	S	P	I	D	E	R
■	■	■	L	E	S	S	■	G	E	A	R	■	■	■
C	O	R	O	N	A	■	B	E	E	■	I	D	O	L
E	L	A	N	■	D	A	R	E	D	■	T	O	M	E
N	I	P	A	■	E	R	A	S	E	■	E	V	E	N
T	O	S	S	■	R	A	G	E	D	■	D	E	N	T

Last week's answer

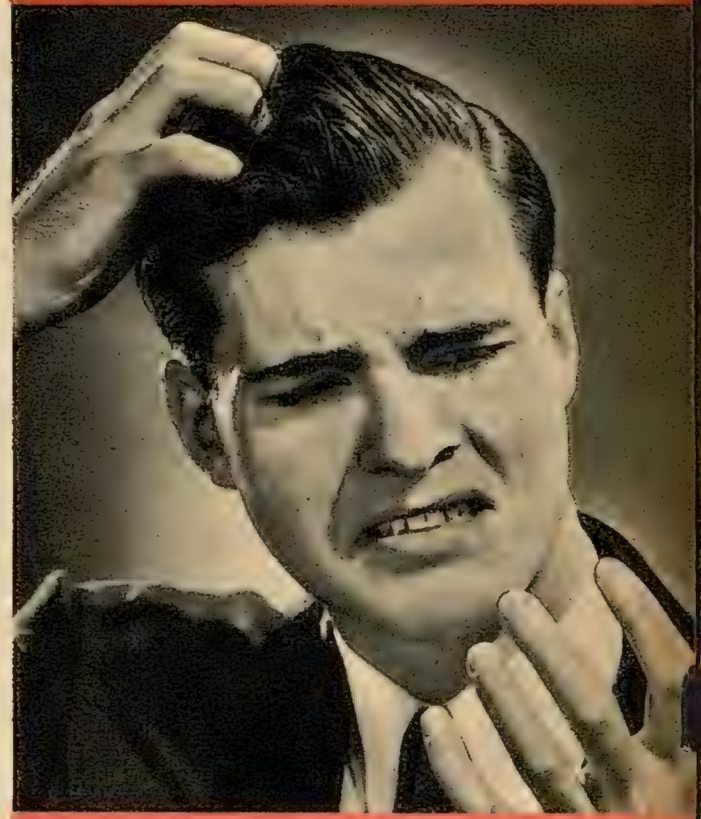
48 Plain guys like us'ns
49 Filling station for tankers
50 Numskulls Broadcasting Nonsense (abbr.)
51 Used in a four-pronged attack to relieve an empty bulge in the southern area
52 Superman in a sarong
55 Wonderless ego
56 Say, who got this in the Garden of Eden?
57 Cause of the big wind in November
58 Rummy gin addicts
60 Germany is dying for a drink of it
61 Word to married maidens with youthful memories
62 Baby Garbo
63 'Aybag
64 Henglish visitor

VERTICAL

1 A lot of squirts
2 Ye Bard's dunkery in ye gude olde summer tyme
3 Mothers get a lot of back talk from this
4 Ay bane nooteral
5 A lot of stinkeroos put them on, and do they odor!
6 The $teed$ of di$illu$ion (slang)
7 They'll never do it to love, sugar!
8 A little speech on the side
9 Size Bertha Bigfoot took
10 If you don't control it, you'll have deflation
11 Wot dem Bums did over de plate at home
12 He always looms up as the best man, with a duel personality
13 Braids and brains, books and looks
18 Gob's favorite drink
22 If you do this at night, be sure to take carfare
23 Chief support of the building industry
25 How Musso felt last spring (and next, I hope!)
26 Silly things on women's minds
27 It'll be a coal, coal winter if you've made grate changes in them (two words)
28 Japan's only conquest
29 Human plush
30 African turkey
32 Everything but the kitchen sink
33 A bunch of clucks
34 Trouble with orators is they're so this
36 (.ver) !uoy ot stoN
37 A mild Red
40 Kate as in duplicate, Pete as in repeat
42 Mars' gridiron (two words)
44 Original home of fine furniture
45 She strikes a sour note
47 A preposition
48 Strong point
49 Cleo's gods attended big ones
51 Member of the whacks
52 Well known Speaker
53 Old Blood and Guts!
54 Comic fellows
56 It gets all puffed up and runs around Canada whistling (abbr.)
57 Remains of three Jap Zeros topped by our aces
59 Combination baby bringer, mop handle attachment, and dish drier

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Will your Scalp stand the Fingernail Test?



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for the hair
3-ACTION
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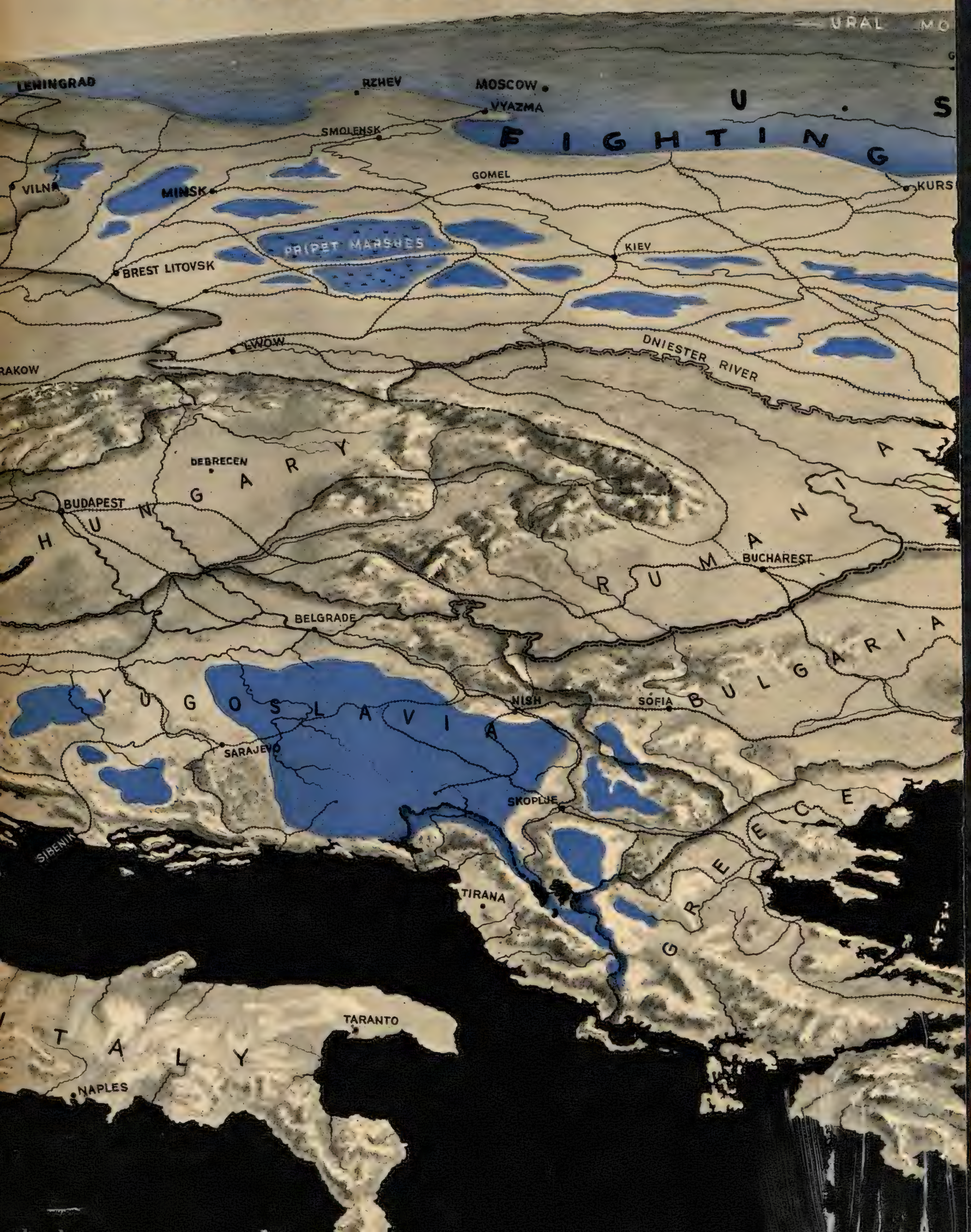
REGULAR FORMULA NON OILY

EUROPE'S UNDERCOVER WAR


URAL MO
LENINGRAD
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MOSCOW
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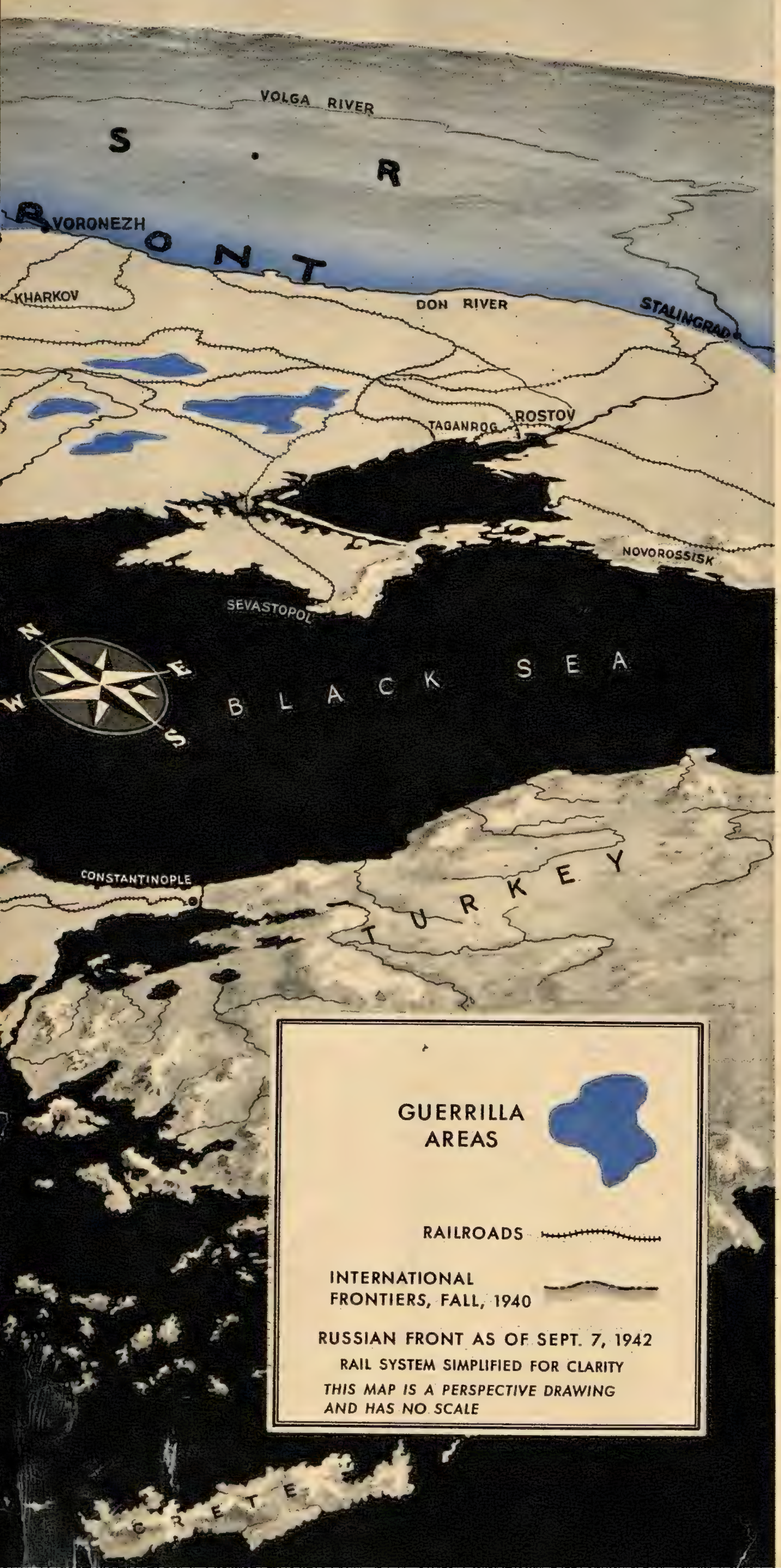
SMOLENSK
GOMEL
KURS
VILNA
MINSK
PRIPET MARSHES
KIEV
BREST LITOVSK
LWOW
DNIESTER RIVER
RAKOW
DEBRECEN
HUNGARY
BUDAPEST
RUMANIA
BUCHAREST
BELGRADE
BULGARIA
YUGOSLAVIA
NISH
SOFIA
SARAJEVO
SKOPLJE
GREECE
SIBENIK
TIRANA
TARANTO
ITALY
NAPLES

Battlefields of the guerrillas—How our allies still fight the Axis in these "conquered" lands


VOLGA RIVER
S . R
VORONEZH
FRONT
KHARKOV
DON RIVER
STALINGRAD
TAGANROG
ROSTOV
NOVOROSSISK
SEVASTOPOL
N
E
S
W
BLACK SEA
CONSTANTINOPLE
TURKEY
CRETE
GUERRILLA AREAS
RAILROADS
INTERNATIONAL FRONTIERS, FALL, 1940
RUSSIAN FRONT AS OF SEPT. 7, 1942
RAIL SYSTEM SIMPLIFIED FOR CLARITY
THIS MAP IS A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING AND HAS NO SCALE

Analysis by **LEONARD ENGEL**

Map by **A. LEYDENFROST**

THE use of a solid color on most war maps to mark the Axis countries and their conquests gives the impression that each territory penetrated by our enemies has been completely subjugated.

Thanks to tens of thousands of desperately heroic men and women, this is not so. In many a corner of Axis-conquered Europe we have armed allies whose resistance continues. These are the guerrillas, who are shot immediately if caught, who hide by day and come out by night to raid, ambush, kill, and burn the invader and all his works. In Albania, Greece, Poland and, above all, in Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union they wage a bitter, secret war, harassing the enemy at every opportunity.

Armies are tied to the highways and railroads which bring them ammunition, food, and reinforcements. In eastern Europe, where roads and rails are few, the Axis armies are confined to narrow strips of territory separated by large, almost trackless areas which cannot be occupied in force. An army can't be everywhere at once. The in-between spaces provide hidden bases from which people who prefer dying on their feet to living on their knees may wage hit-and-run warfare.

The guerrilla attacks outposts, kills stragglers, captures arms and ammunition convoys, and raids headquarters. But most of all, he attacks enemy communications, the rail lines and roads which are so valuable to the invader.

By all odds the most successful guerrillas are General Draja Mihailovitch's Serb Chetniks and the Russian units operating in advance of the Red Army. The Serbs control central and southwestern Yugoslavia firmly enough to have established a functioning government. The area under Chetnik control includes two major rail lines and a part of a third, the Belgrade - Nish - Skoplje railroad, Yugoslavia's main line. The Chetniks are also active outside their central stronghold. They have repeatedly cut the two railroads that run through mountainous southern Yugoslavia to Greece, as well as the line along the Dalmatian coast.

Russian guerrilla bands are made up of inhabitants of captured districts and volunteers from unoccupied Russia. Their activities are co-ordinated with Red Army moves by radio.

By itself, guerrilla warfare cannot bring victory. But it can soften up an enemy for later attack by regular forces. In that way guerrillas have contributed to many notable military actions: to our own victory in the Revolution, to Napoleon's defeats in Spain and Russia, and to the stalling of the Japs in China. They will yet contribute to the annihilation of the greatest military machine of all time, the German Army.

THE END

JUNGLE GOLD

Can a man love two women? A vivid novel of the Amazon rubber forests approaches its dramatic climax

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—COLON SHOWS HIS HAND

SIX days after leaving the Indian village, when he and Vicky paddled into a broad glittering river that looked like the Juruá, John Bartell knew something had gone wrong with his emotions. Here was a new freedom, and he had every reason to rejoice. Most men would have cheered. Yet he felt depressed.

The feeling persisted while he drove the dugout ashore where the narrow stream poured into the larger one. As white egrets fled to scatter among a riot of orchids, he wielded the machete to hack four crosses in a tree. All the way down the stream he had been blazing trunks.

"You're certainly making the way to the rubber forest unmistakable," Vicky said with a smile.

He had to bring his mind back from far distances. "Oh, no," he answered. "These marks may be covered by lianas in a couple of weeks. Unless a man knew where to look, he mightn't find them at all."

"Well, I don't think *you'll* ever forget this stream."

To that he said nothing.

When he pushed off again, the current carried the dugout at a good pace. John had only to keep its nose pointed downstream. The downpour of heat was merciless, and the canopies of ubussu leaves under which he and Vicky sat offered scant relief.

Squinting over the river, John did his utmost to shake off the dispirited mood that gripped him. It seemed so illogical. And yet, as he looked at Vicky's naked back, browned and glistening with sweat, he was beginning to understand its cause.

It was Vicky.

More accurately, it was his feeling toward her and its complete incompatibility with his feeling for Sue.

His memory went back into the wilds. He saw Vicky, ragged and lacerated, stumbling along without complaint. He saw himself lying beside her in darkness, listening to her deep breaths as she slept, sometimes with her head on his shoulder and her arm thrown across his chest. . . . Throughout the ordeal of those weeks she had shown courage that had often set a standard for his own. He still recalled a moment when she had glanced up a tree under which they ate to see a great boa constrictor slithering down toward them. She hadn't screamed. Rising with the machete, she had given the blade a mighty swing to hack off the snake's head; doing it as coolly as he himself had earlier that week fired into the skull of a jaguar. That had been her way—to accept her full share of responsibility.

He had developed a profound affection for Vicky. He didn't deny its existence, but it tortured him. It prodded him into remembering that Sue was waiting for him, waiting to go to the States.

And he couldn't endure the thought of losing Vicky. The truth was he no longer *wanted* to take Sue away. . . . He wanted to keep Vicky. He loved Vicky. . . .

She turned in the prow, her eyes uneasy. "John," she asked, "how long do you imagine we were lost back there?"

"Heaven knows. About seven weeks, I'd say."

"We—we've probably been given up for dead."

"Not if I know Hugo. The *caboclos* must have gone home, of course. Couldn't stay around that fever swamp without quinine. But Hugo will probably come up with a search party."

Vicky looked at him a while, at his bearded face, then turned forward again.

She, too, felt miserable when she should have been happy. She knew she was in love with John Bartell. She had loved him every minute of the days and nights when she had clung to him. And the realization made her wretched because she saw him now as a man returning to Sue. Her reckless mission had achieved nothing. Not once had John hinted of renouncing the plans he'd made with Sue. Her efforts had been futile, and their collapse left her spiritually crushed.

They paddled on in silence.

Within a few days John became certain it was the Juruá along which they traveled. He recognized landmarks they'd passed on the way up.

"We ought to be striking the Amazon in two or three days," he said in a strained voice. "That means home in less than two weeks."

Vicky didn't answer. In two weeks it would be over; he'd have Sue again. . . .

"We should be passing a *fazenda* pretty soon," John said. "I'll try to get you some clothes."

She didn't even hear him.

He looked at her slim brown back and he thought with a kind of agony, *I love you, Vicky.*

Four hours later, when he sent the dugout around a wide bend, he was finally torn out of the mood. He uttered a startled cry. Vicky followed the direction of his finger. Less than a mile away, against a background of green jungle, she saw a launch towing two dugouts.

"That's *our* launch!" John spoke hoarsely. He waved his arms. "Vicky, it's ours! That must be Hugo!"

IT was Hugo. To see him hug Vicky with speechless gratitude, as he might have embraced a daughter, left John Bartell humbled. They were on the shore, under palm fronds. It seemed to John that Hugo Ackerson had aged in these last weeks. The lines in his face were deeper than ever, and his mouth was embittered.

"The *caboclos* were afraid you were dead," Hugo said huskily. "When they came home, Miguel and Desiderio were sick with fever." He stretched out a hand to grasp John's arm, as if to assure himself of John's reality. "I—I couldn't believe it. I *had* to go search for you myself."

Of the four *caboclos* with him, one was Rafael, who had escaped the fever. Almost as excited as Hugo himself, the scrawny man glowed with joy. He had come along as a guide.

They couldn't talk calmly until later, when they chugged down the Juruá in the launch.

Hugo, having somewhat tersely assured them that Sue was well, insisted on hearing every detail of their weeks in the wilds. The climax of his astonishment came when John spoke of the great rubber forest. Hugo's eyes widened.

"You actually *saw* it?" he demanded. "You marked it?"

"Yes."

"Can—can the rubber be brought out?"

"By water all the way," John assured him. "In a few spots we'll have to portage around rapids and a waterfall. But for the most part *batelãos* can go from the forest to Manaos in an uninterrupted run."

"HOW big a forest?"

"I haven't any idea. We must have walked through about seventy miles of it."

"Seventy miles!"

"There may be hundreds of miles of it we never saw. If we can get government help—"

"We can," snapped Hugo. "They're helping already. There were conferences in Washington and Rio. They've appropriated millions to develop rubber reserves down here. As a war measure. Right now, within a mile of our *fazenda,* there's a joint American-Brazilian expedition gathering. About thirty men so far, most of them engineers, headed by Colonel Raveza, who's spent half his life in the jungle, and an American, Marshal Dix."

"To go up the Juruá?"

"No, they didn't intend to. But when you tell them what you saw, they will!"

"How—how soon are they starting?"

"In about three weeks."

John said slowly, "I can save them months of searching."

"Of course! You go talk to them as soon as we get home. Maybe—" Hugo checked himself, and an uneasy strain narrowed his eyes. "There's just one thing, John. I wouldn't mention this to anybody except Dix and Raveza if I were you. Nazi agents are still on the river. If they knew where the expedition's going—"

John nodded. "I didn't intend to talk about it," he said.

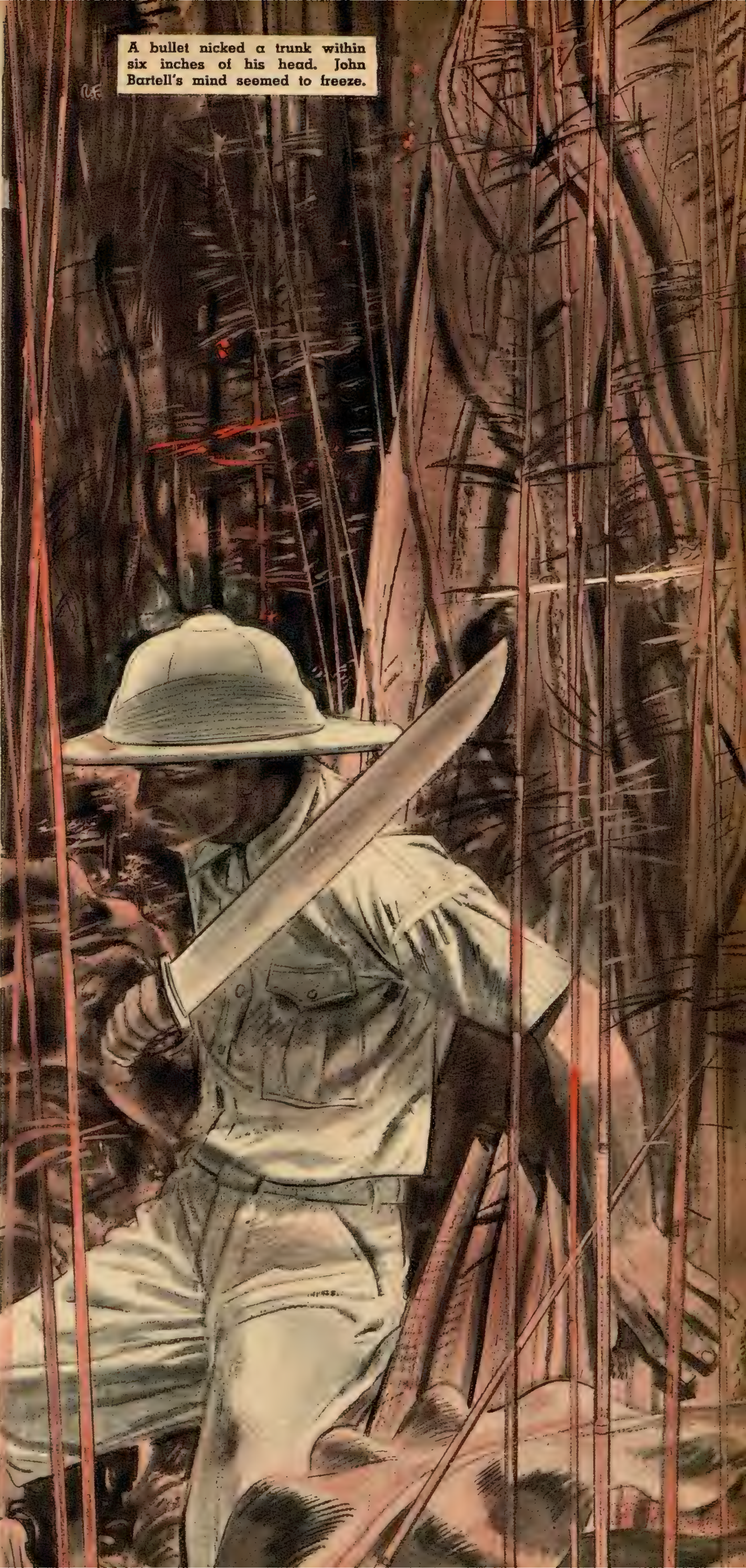
Then Vicky wanted to know more about her sister; but when she mentioned Sue, an odd thing happened. Hugo glanced away across the blinding radiance of the river and his lips tightened.

"She's all right," he said quietly. "Worried about you, of course. But she's all right." He paused. "She hasn't forgiven you, Vicky, for the way you ran off."

"I don't suppose she ever will," Vicky sighed.

"I was in Manaos at the time, so she made Alfredo Colon discharge old Simon when she learned he'd helped you."

Vicky was dismayed. "Oh, I didn't



A bullet nicked a trunk within six inches of his head. John Bartell's mind seemed to freeze.

want to get Simon into trouble. It isn't fair—"

"Forget it. Simon came around as soon as I got home, and I hired him back. He's too good a man to lose. And I wouldn't worry about Sue's anger, either. She'll get over it when she has you back safe."

He was right. The day they reached the *fazenda* Sue was overjoyed. In her shining eyes there was no hint of resentment. She kissed Vicky and even wept. She looked at John as though he and Vicky had achieved miracles in returning to the plantation. She was lovely with a blue bandeau tied about the golden mist of her hair; even more exquisite than John had let himself remember.

Yet something had changed. Some element of warmth was lacking—whether in Sue or in himself, John didn't know. He felt a curious sense of detachment from her, and under it ran a current of despair. For though he loved Vicky, he realized he had a certain grim obligation toward Sue. He had promised to take her away from here, and she had waited with confidence in him. . . .

Then he had to stop looking at her, for Alfredo Colon—smiling as brilliantly as ever—was shaking his hand; and Miguel and Desiderio, quite well again, were dancing about him like monkeys, welcoming him home.

He tried to catch Sue's eye again, but with an arm about Vicky she was already going up the ramp. . . .

THAT evening he saw Sue almost constantly. They all ate together and talked for hours on the Ackerson porch. But he had no opportunity to speak to her alone, and in a way he was grateful for that. He wasn't quite ready, emotionally, for a scene with Sue.

Alfredo Colon left the porch first, just before midnight. When John rose to follow, a few moments later, he said to Hugo, "First thing in the morning I'm going to the expedition's camp."

Hugo nodded. "I'll go with you."

But he didn't go. During breakfast the next morning a couple of rubber gatherers arrived with boatloads of rubber, and Hugo had to supervise the purchase of their cargo.

"You'd better go ahead," he told John reluctantly. "I'll come along later. When you tell them what you've found, it'll be like a national holiday."

So John took a machete and left. The trail under the trees was narrow. From week to week new lianas crawled across it, and he had to hack them out of the way. He pushed on, working mechanically, for his mind persisted in clinging to Sue. Sometime today he would have to talk to her. The prospect left him strained, uneasy.

Half a mile from the *fazenda* he came to a point where he had no need of the machete. Here the trail entered the shadows of tall trees. He walked through a twilight in which butterflies danced.

Thinking of Sue, he was too deeply absorbed to hear any sounds about him. He heard nothing at all as a warning; nothing, until a rifle cracked fifty yards to his left and a bullet nicked a trunk within six inches of his head. . . .

John Bartell's mind seemed to freeze. He stopped. He jerked his head around, staring. At first he saw nothing. Then, half hidden behind shoulder-high bushes, there was a glint of metal; a rifle pointed downward, as though it were being reloaded.

His shock gave way to immediate and overwhelming fury. He couldn't understand this. He didn't know who had fired the shot. He knew only that somebody had tried to put a bullet into his head, and even before the thought was clear he was impulsively rushing toward the bushes.

The rifle rose. With it came a man's head, the face white and desperate.

John's amazement in seeing Alfredo Colon didn't stop him. It merely made him shout. Colon stood still, like a man facing a charging bull, staking everything on another shot.

As he aimed, John dived to the ground. He flung the machete with all the strength he could gather. It flew straight at Colon's head, ten yards away.

The Brazilian fired. But he had to dodge the blade, and the movement destroyed his aim, made him lose his balance.

By the time he straightened it was too late for him to run. He tried to lift the rifle as a club. John, thrashing through brush, seized the barrel as it rose. He wrenched it aside.

He didn't talk. His face was gray with rage, and he smashed a fist into Colon's mouth.

The man reeled back, and John followed savagely, driving blow after blow into Colon's face. He fought with wildness that ignored Colon's lifted arms. He beat through them, over them, under them. When the Brazilian cried, *"Basta! Basta!* Enough!" he paid no attention. He continued to pound, his arms driving like pistons, as if in this attack he could give vent to all the emotions in him.

HOW long it lasted, he didn't know. When finally he stopped, breathing hard and drenched with sweat, Colon lay face down on the ground. His broken nose and battered mouth spilled their blood into his hands. The back of his head bled, too, where it had struck a tree.

"What—what the devil is all this?" John demanded.

Colon didn't reply.

John reached down, seized the man's shirt, and jerked him up from the ground. "You're going to tell me," he began, "or I'll—" But he stopped because he was holding a limp weight. The Brazilian's head hung loosely. His arms dangled as if boneless. Alfredo Colon had lost consciousness.

John lowered him with a sense of frustration. Somewhere on the trail there was a shout. The shots must have been heard. He looked around, pushing damp hair out of his eyes. From behind the bushes he watched until two men appeared—strangers from the expedition's camp, both carrying rifles.

"Over here!" he called, and he was glad he wouldn't have to drag Colon away alone. But he still couldn't understand why the Brazilian had done it. . . .

AT noon, in the Ackerson cottage, Vicky and Sue watched Hugo fill a pipe with unsteady hands. His bony face was hard, the eyes embittered. His shirt was stained with perspiration and drops of it wriggled from his temples down his jaws.

"Makes you feel pretty low, doesn't it," he said, "to learn you've been sheltering a Nazi agent? Feeding him, paying him"— he sent an oblique glance at his wife—"making a *friend* of him."

Sue's hand gripped the edge of the table. She was pale. "How could we have guessed he was a Nazi?" she whispered. "Did—did he admit it?"

"He didn't *want* to admit it." Hugo uttered a brief harsh laugh. "But the officers at the camp weren't in any mood for evasion—especially when they learned he'd almost robbed them of the news John had to tell. The way they saw it, Colon had tried murder to prevent John from describing the location of the rubber forest. They were right, of course. And I must say they were pretty rough on Colon. Before they were through with him, he'd told quite a few things."

Vicky said in amazement, "But he must have known *I* could tell the expedition where to go, what landmarks to look for—"

"Maybe," Hugo said, lighting his pipe—"maybe he had some idea of preventing that too, Vicky—in the same way." He was silent. "Queer thing," he went on, "that we never suspected him. If we'd put two and two together we might have guessed it long ago, I suppose."

"How?" Sue demanded.

"Why, Colon started work against us almost as soon as he got here—by burning the *batelãos*. And while I was away—well, we got less rubber than we've ever had before. He claimed the gatherers were asking too much for it. He didn't want to see us cheated, so he sent them away." That made Hugo laugh again in that peculiarly harsh way. "The only reason he came to work here is that we're an American outfit shipping rubber to the States. . . . Well, he won't do anything more to us, anyhow. He's finished."

He went out then, and when he was gone Sue rubbed wet palms against each other. She was still inordinately pale. The things Hugo had said had left her nerves shattered.

"I'll be glad to get away from all this," she whispered. And she thought, I've *got* to see John. . . .

Will John confess to Sue that he loves Vicky? Will Sue hold him to his promise? You'll find many surprises in next week's concluding chapter.

Is the pen mightier than the bayonet? This is Private Johnston. Read his letter, below.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

I PRESENT herewith pictorial evidence to refute the ancient adage concerning the relative merits of the pen and the sword.

Remember the civilian who wrote The Rising Whisper for Liberty? That was "mark one" for the pen-Underwood, but how about this bayonet at "long thrust," wielded by that same man, now a trainee in the Army? This picture was made with official permission on the regulation bayonet course.

How do you like my "fish hat," sloppy leggings, and blue denims to which we give dignity by calling them uniform "B"? Hat, jumper coat, and trousers are always soaking wet with perspiration, coated with Texas sand—and smell to high heaven. Such is summer life in the Infantry. And, strangely enough, *all* of us like it! So, you see, people other than writers are a little screwy too.

I am well and quite happy. I hope to leave here in five or six weeks for Officers' School, as my basic training will then be completed.

Pvt. William Benton Johnston,
Camp Wolters, Tex.

Hello, Bill Johnston. Delighted to hear from you again, as will be all the Liberty readers who still remember that swell Rising Whisper editorial of yours. Now they can see you in action—there's the same drive and guts in your bayonet thrust as in the things you used to write for us. We know you'll make the grade for and in Officers' Candidate School. Good luck, Bill—and give 'em hell!

* * *

We letter carriers have had a difficult problem since December 7. Many of our local boys in military service are spread throughout the world. Some of them maintain constant correspondence with their folks at home, others stationed in the same localities fail to keep up any semblance of regularity in their letter writing. The latter are just too neglectful to write their mothers and dads who are anxiously waiting for some word. We have to make up excuses for their soldier sons and try to cheer them up, but we can't make it stick day after day when they know that other sons in the same outfit are writing regularly and getting twelve-to-fourteen-day service from as far away as Australia. It is about time something was done to bring those thoughtless boys to their senses and make them realize that they have some mighty worried folks back home, and needlessly so.

J. J. G., Wisconsin.

I've printed a number of items about the necessity of letters *from* home, and now it's time to put the shoe on the other foot. I know just how hard it can be to take and make the time for a letter home, especially when you're overseas, but unless you're in an active combat zone there's no real reason why you can't. The morale of the troops is O. K. Let's make it a case of "man bites dog" and help the morale of the home front by writing those letters. You've got free postage now, and V mail (microfilm) is being extended rapidly to overseas points.

* * *

I seldom see letters from my blue-clad brethren, so here's one for your page. We had been away from our beloved country for some time prior to the war, and now we can't help wondering if we'll ever see it again. Yet our crew is a happy-go-lucky bunch, and for all our lousy duty—and I mean lousy duty—we keep on grinning, and we feel proud that we're doing our part of the job that has to be done. We have had about ten days' liberty since the war started, and mail once; yet we feel lucky to have had that, and look forward to the next liberty and next mail with enthusiasm. So I feel that there are better men in this fleet than those who are singing the blues at home. I say to send the gripers out here and let us return, for I'm certain that we'd appreciate home more than they and we would not sing the blues. Here's wishing you bigger and better stuff and more of your pages.

R. M., Asiatic Fleet.

Thanks a lot, sailor, and here's wishing you more liberty and bigger mail and a safe return home. You rate it.

* * *

I am intensely interested in the Air Corps and would like to know if regulations permit a transfer at this time from the Artillery. If it is possible, what steps must be taken to effect it?

Pvt. M. S., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Field commanders recently received the following order from the Adjutant General's office: "Any officer or enlisted man who applies for and is qualified for aircrew training will be made available to the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, except when the individual is at a port of embarkation under immediate orders for duty overseas." Application for enrollment as an aviation cadet should be made through your C. O.

* * *

In August 29 Liberty you said, "The dependents of any person in the Armed Forces who receives less than $72 a month will benefit from the new law." The law says that men up to and including the fourth grade are eligible; a sergeant (fourth grade) now gets $78 a month; so am I right or are you wrong?

Sgt. A. E. P., Camp Shelby, Miss.

Both, sergeant. But I was right when the item was written, although wrong when it appeared. Liberty isn't printed and distributed overnight, and the bill was amended between the time my copy went in and the issue came out. Thanks to you and the many other sergeants who wrote me about it.

* * *

The smart private requested and received a week-end pass on the ground that his wife was "expecting." A week later he gave the same reason with the same result. The third week the officer in charge asked acidly:

"Just what is your wife expecting?"

"She's expecting me home again, sir," replied the honest soldier.

Did he get his pass?

America's Alertmen.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

NO MAN'S LAND

THIS IS AMERICA

Girl employees of Uncle Sam arrive at their new home, Washington's Meridian Hill Hotel.

THERE are 750 lucky girls in Washington wl with deep sighs of relief, have left th crowded rooming houses or the tiny apa ments they have been sharing with four or fi other girls to move into the new Meridian H Hotel, in one of the city's best residential sectio This modern building is one of the first of a nu ber of hotels and dormitories which the housi authorities intend to provide to take care of t girls who have flocked to the capital from eve state in the Union to take government jobs.

The Meridian Hill has every convenience- large restaurant as well as a small private dinir room, a sun roof, a swimming pool, a library drug-store, and a lounge where men as well women friends may be entertained. Twenty-fi rooms are reserved for the use of mothers, siste aunts, and cousins who come to visit the gi

They can't wait to see their quarters. Some will share double corner bedrooms with bath at $6.50 a week each; others will have singles with bath at $7.50.

PHOTOS BY MARTHA MCMILL

Friends drop in to watch the occupant of one of the single rooms unpack. All rooms have solid light maple furniture and flowered window draperies.

It's wonderful to come home after a hard day's work and cool the swimming pool before dressing for an extra-special dinne

des the large main restaurant, there's a small ate dining room for birthday dinners and such.

The rules of No Man's Land do not apply to the spacious and comfortably furnished lounge. This sextet has joined forces because of a common interest in the funnies.

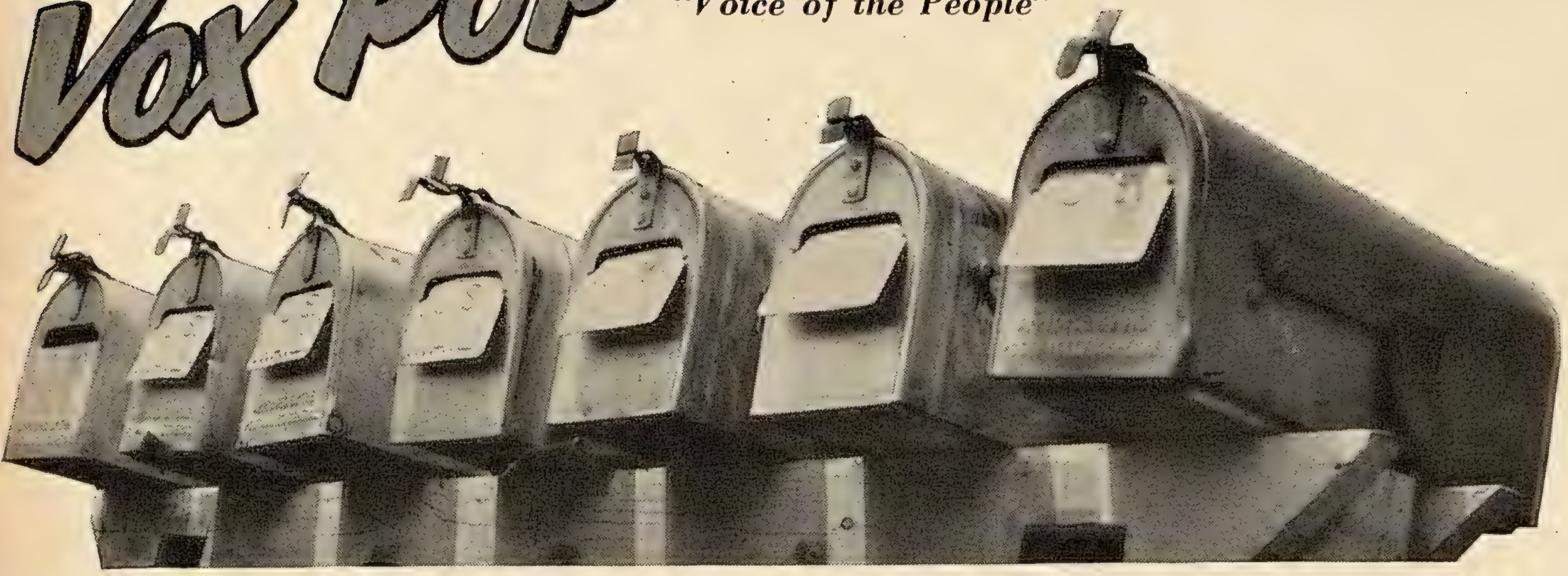
. fine Sunday morning brings determined un bathers and lazy loungers to the roof vith lotions, dark glasses, and cigarettes.

miliar lobby scene, played almost any evening. The girls *said* seven ck sharp, but the boys settle down for a wait. You know how women are!

It's a rainy night, and the navy and the army and their hostesses get started on a game of rummy in the hotel card room.

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"



IT WORKS OUT SWELL ALL AROUND

Lowry Field No. 2, Denver, Colo.—In answer to Anne W. Yarbrough's letter in September 12 Vox Pop, I am a private in the Air Corps and at present I am about 2,000 miles from home. If she thinks she gets a lot out of inviting soldiers to dinner, she should be a soldier that far from home and have some total stranger invite *her*. Then, and only then, would she know what feelings really meant. It's great!—*E. P. T.*

WE'LL HAVE TO ASK THE BOSS FIRST

Gowen, Okla.—*Re* the cartoon in July 18 Liberty depicting a trash can into which some one has discarded this old world in toto. Please have the cartoonist redraw same, showing our Uncle Sammy with a grappling hook retrieving said world from said ignoble receptacle. Do this—especially for the Western Hemisphere and good old never-say-die Americanism.—*A. W. Myers.*

WHO TOLD YOU THAT IT'S PROPAGANDA?

Glendale, Calif.—How much is Liberty being paid for all this Roosevelt propaganda?—*Mrs. Grace Dudley.*

YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY VOX POPPERS

Marion, Kan.—Too many of your correspondents have been *drinking.*—*A Sober One.*

IS LIBERTY O. K.? "NEIGH," SAYS GERTRUDE

Lansdowne, Pa.—I wonder how much the writer of the venomous article on Cinnabar Ranch knows about horseflesh. (Week-End Cowgirls, September 5 Liberty.)

Has he ever been on the "fast ride" at Cinnabar, and covered those mountain trails and ridden the rock cut on Steeldust, or King, or Midnight, or another of the fine spirited horses to be found there?

I spent my two weeks' vacation there, after riding and jumping and following the hounds all my life, and though I've ridden all kinds and types of horses, I have never experienced more real pleasure than I got out of the good hard riding we did at Cinnabar.

Of course I realize that there are in existence some smart alecks who are born show-offs and who like to "kill" a horse to prove how strong and masterful they are; but generally their knowledge of horseflesh begins and ends with the carrousel and they don't belong at Cinnabar with genuine horse lovers.—*Gertrude Garrigues.*

STRONG—BUT MAYBE WE DESERVE IT

Station Hospital, Fort Baker, Calif.—All the patients are in bed, the lights are out, but the radio is on.

Every one is waiting for the ten-o'clock news.

Here it is: Overseas our buddies in the Solomons are fighting heroically, asking nothing except more Japs. (About this time every one feels pretty swell inside, if you get what I mean—you're proud to be part of this force.)

But all at once they switch to local news—and, man, do we get a sudden letdown!

The keynote is strikes, wildcat and otherwise, in war-production plants that are vital to our very existence.

Laborers making more in a week than most of us make in a month are lying down on the job.

I can't help but wonder if that is real red American blood running through the veins of those workers.

Some one snaps off the radio, and as we lie there we *all* wonder.—*Pvt. Shan McAndrews.*

WE'LL SAY "I TOLD YOU SO"

Harlingen, Tex.—I read one of your articles today entitled Our New World, by Frederick L. Collins (September 12 Liberty). I think it is fantastic.—*Sgt. John O. Willette.*

NO, MA'AM—WE'D HAVE TO BE PAID TO LOOK

Russellville, Ark.—Put Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito and some Americans we can do without in a strong cage like that of a lion or tiger, tour the country—after we win the war—and charge a buck a head for all who want to have a look. Would the $ roll in? And how! The purpose of this would be to pay our war debt.—*"Nancy" Hanks.*

GOOD!

Lakeland, Fla.—Herewith I submit the name The Devil's War for the present conflict.—*Hazel Hill.*

MORE ON THE NATIONAL LOTTERY

San Francisco, Calif.—I don't think the Lottery Bill will pass unless some prominent group of people step forward and give real support to the idea, on the grounds that it will eliminate political graft in connection with the hundreds of phony lotteries, pools, drawings, and other forms of gambling now in operation.

Even the losers would have the satisfaction of knowing that the government was getting its cut and that they were saving something on their future tax bill.

The way I look at it, we now have the same kind of hypocritical situation we had before the repeal of prohibition.—*A Taxpayer.*

DAVENPORT, IA.—As a traveling man, I see gambling of all sorts. Lord knows how much money is thrown in slot machines, punch boards, etc., with little return to the player.

If wise men would study this situation they would soon admit that a national lottery would help this country now and later for our soldiers. Let them not be so pious on the surface.

So, more power to a national lottery and help to pay our war debt and help to beat those gangsters.—*D. Danluck.*

BOUNCER, THROW THAT REPUBLICAN OUT!

YADKINVILLE, N. C.—I had just procured my Liberty and was busy with the definition, "Do a Roosevelt," when a New Deal payrollee happened to be passing, so I asked him to supply a five-letter word, telling him I had an S to begin with.

"Oh, yes, I know—it's *smile!*" he gushed, grabbing the book out of my hand.

A three-letter word soon told us our five-letter word must, of necessity, end with D, whereupon he gurgled, "Oh, yes—it's *scold!*"

When it finally proved to be *spend,* he and his enthusiasm vanished simultaneously.—*Isaac A. Kilgore.*

BETTER SEND A TELEGRAM NEXT TIME

INDIO, CALIF.—I picked up the copy of Liberty dated July 18, 1942, and—ah, there she was, right on the cover. The young girl, I mean—the sweetest this soldier has ever witnessed, believe me.

I scanned your magazine from cover to cover hoping to get information concerning her—but, alas, to no avail. I implore you, sir, would you kindly submit to me this girl's name and address?—*Cpl. Robert W. Hanna, Quartermaster Detach. Bn., Service Command Unit 1925, Camp Young, California.*

Hey, where have you been all these months? Right now you're number 1,376,987 on the list of those who want the cute little gal's address. Oh, corporal—how our editorial heart bleeds for you; but we're afraid she'll be a dignified grandmother by the time it's your turn to get that info.—VOX POP EDITOR.

YOU'RE WELCOME

BALTIMORE, MD.—Thanks for putting labor on the front page of your magazine where labor belongs (out in front).—*Ellen Bowen.*

JAPS TOOK IT ON THE CHIN BEFORE

ST. MARY'S RIVER PATROL, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—The following two opinions have been commonly circulated and are, undoubtedly, familiar to you:

"Japan has never yet been defeated" (Premier Tojo, December 10, 1941).

"The Coral Sea Battle was probably the greatest defeat ever suffered by Japan" (Radio Station WSOO, June 17, 1942).

Premier Tojo's statement was plain propaganda, while that of WSOO was a sincere statement of belief based upon the official and doctored history of their nation by the Japs, as the following briefed summary of their war with Korea some 350 years ago proves. This account is from the Chinese and Korean records.

"In 1591 General Hideyoshi, considered the greatest general Japan has ever produced, decided to attack and loot China, first landing in Korea and starting the invasion from there.

"In 1592 Hideyoshi's army of 282,000 Japs landed on the southeastern tip of the Korean peninsula and in a few weeks had overrun half of Korea. The Korean fleet under Admiral Yi Sun Sin was stationed on the west coast of Korea. Working south toward the Jap invasion ports, he met and destroyed a Jap fleet with 60,000 reinforcements first, burning and sinking such vessels as did not surrender. In three other battles he destroyed two other fleets and one convoy loaded with supplies and reinforcements for the Jap army, killing probably 90,000 in these engagements. In the final battle of this invasion he met a huge fleet with 100,000 Japs aboard, sinking 121 ships. Practically 475,000 Japs lost their lives in this first phase of the war.

"For the next three years Hideyoshi prepared for a new invasion. This preparation included attempts to accomplish the assassination of Admiral Yi Sun Sin. These failing, his agents, by bribery and treachery, succeeded in procuring the admiral's removal from office on charges of treason, and his reduction in rank to that of an infantryman in the Korean army. This accomplished, Hideyoshi landed his second army in Korea, and the Jap fleet defeated the Korean, 37,000 noses and ears of Koreans being sent to the Temple of Diabutsu, in Kyoto, where they were buried as a memorial trophy. This disaster resulted in the restoration of Yi Sun Sin to the command of the Korean fleet which remained, and to this he built and added new ships. Striking the Japs, he destroyed two of their fleets, then scourged the seas, sinking and destroying every convoy and squadron he contacted. This final defeat in this campaign, which had cost the Japs the lives of about 350,000 men, and a grand total of around 825,000 during both campaigns, so crushed Japan's spirit that she withdrew within her borders and kept a nominal peace with her neighbors for the next 300 years."—*J. B. Wellman, Chief Warrant Officer, U. S. Coast Guard.*

WE WUZ ROBBED!

LOGAN, UTAH—Here is the answer to your question as to who started this wife-rationing business: The Roman Empire, founded by wandering brigands, introduced this order of monogamy wherever her sway was acknowledged. Thus this monogamous order of marriage is nothing but a system established by a set of robbers.—*N. N. N.*

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MILANO $1
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
IT'S CUSHION SEALED

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get **Cystex** from your druggist today for **only 35c.**

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THE SEVERITY of those attacks of Bronchial Asthma, intensified by pollen-laden air, may be reduced at this season of the year... use Dr. R. Schiffmann's Asthmador just as thousands have done for 70 years. The aromatic fumes help make breathing easier... aid in clearing the head... bring more restful nights of sleeping. At druggists in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or you may send for *free* supply of all three. Dept. M78, R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif.

TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

CONGRESSMEN RETURNING TO CAPITAL FROM FENCE-MENDING CAMPAIGN TRIPS HAVE TOLD ADMINISTRATION LEADERS THAT CONSIDERABLE ANGER HAS BEEN AROUSED BACK HOME BY STALLING ON URGENT WAR PROBLEMS UNTIL AFTER ELECTION DAY. INSIDERS REPORT ADMINISTRATION WILL NOW BEGIN ANNOUNCING NUMBER NEW RESTRICTIONS ON YOUR WAY OF LIFE REGARDLESS POLITICAL EFFECT. ACCENT WILL BE ON NEED FOR SACRIFICE.

NAVY'S SUCCESSFUL FIGHT ON U-BOAT MENACE ALONG BOTH COASTS WILL HAVE EFFECT ON INLAND FREIGHT SHIPPING SITUATION SHORTLY. DELIVERIES BY RAIL WILL BE EASED AS COASTAL SHIPPING IS GRADUALLY RESUMED VIA TEMPORARILY ABANDONED SEA ROUTES.

GOVERNMENT IS PREPARING TO FOLLOW UP ON NATION-WIDE GAS RATIONING WITH WAR ON GASOLINE BOOTLEGGING. WAR LEADERS EMPHASIZE THAT RATIONING IS BEING CAUSED BY RUBBER SHORTAGE AND NOT BY LACK OF FUEL. PENALTIES FOR PURCHASE OR SALE OF BOOTLEG GAS WILL BE PRESSED SWIFTLY.

TAX MUDDLE CAUSED BY CONGRESSIONAL BATTLE WITH TREASURY DEPARTMENT HAS MANY INSIDERS WORRIED. BEST ADVICE AVAILABLE SUGGESTS YOU BEGIN SETTING ASIDE MONEY NOW FOR NEXT YEAR'S TAXES REGARDLESS OF YOUR INCOME BRACKET. YOU CAN BE SURE THAT FINAL BILL AS SIGNED BY F D R WILL HIT YOU SQUARELY IN THE POCKETBOOK ON MARCH 15.

WAR PRODUCTION BOARD WILL EASE UP ON SPARE PART PRODUCTION FOR AUTOMOBILES SHORTLY. INCREASING SPARE PARTS SHORTAGES ARE HAMPERING ESSENTIAL WAR WORKERS WHO NEED CARS FOR TRANSPORTATION.

YOUR MOVIEGOING HABITS MAY SUFFER SLIGHTLY SOON BECAUSE OF RAW FILM PRODUCTION PROBLEMS. SOME MOVIE HOUSES MAY CUT OUT ONE OR MORE SHOWINGS EACH DAY IN ORDER TO SAVE WEAR AND TEAR ON FILMS.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

OLD SARGE AND HIS THIS MAN'S WAR page are beginning to get V-mail from remote corners of the world. If you have relatives or friends in the service and don't know about this V-mail, you should. As if by some trick of Aladdin's genie, your message is shrunk to a tiny film, transmitted in this form, and then enlarged to a size in which the recipient can read it. The War Department lists its advantages thus:

(1) The V-mail is the quickest means by which a family can get in communication with a member in the service. Air mail frequently lies around for days and even weeks waiting for transportation to far points.

(2) V-mail is certain to reach the recipient, because the original letter is kept until it is certain that the letter has been developed and delivered on the other side. Ordinary letters are frequently lost, at sea or from other causes.

(3) The use of V-mail is a patriotic duty, since 150,000 letters would mean 37 mail sacks occupying space urgently needed for vital materials. 150,000 V-mail letters occupy only a small sack.

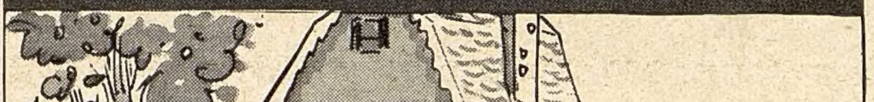
(4) The use of V-mail is cheaper—three cents instead of the trans-Atlantic air mail rates.

The Postal Division of the Army, which operates the service, reports that, whereas thousands of armed troops abroad use it regularly, the public here apparently is not aware of its benefits.

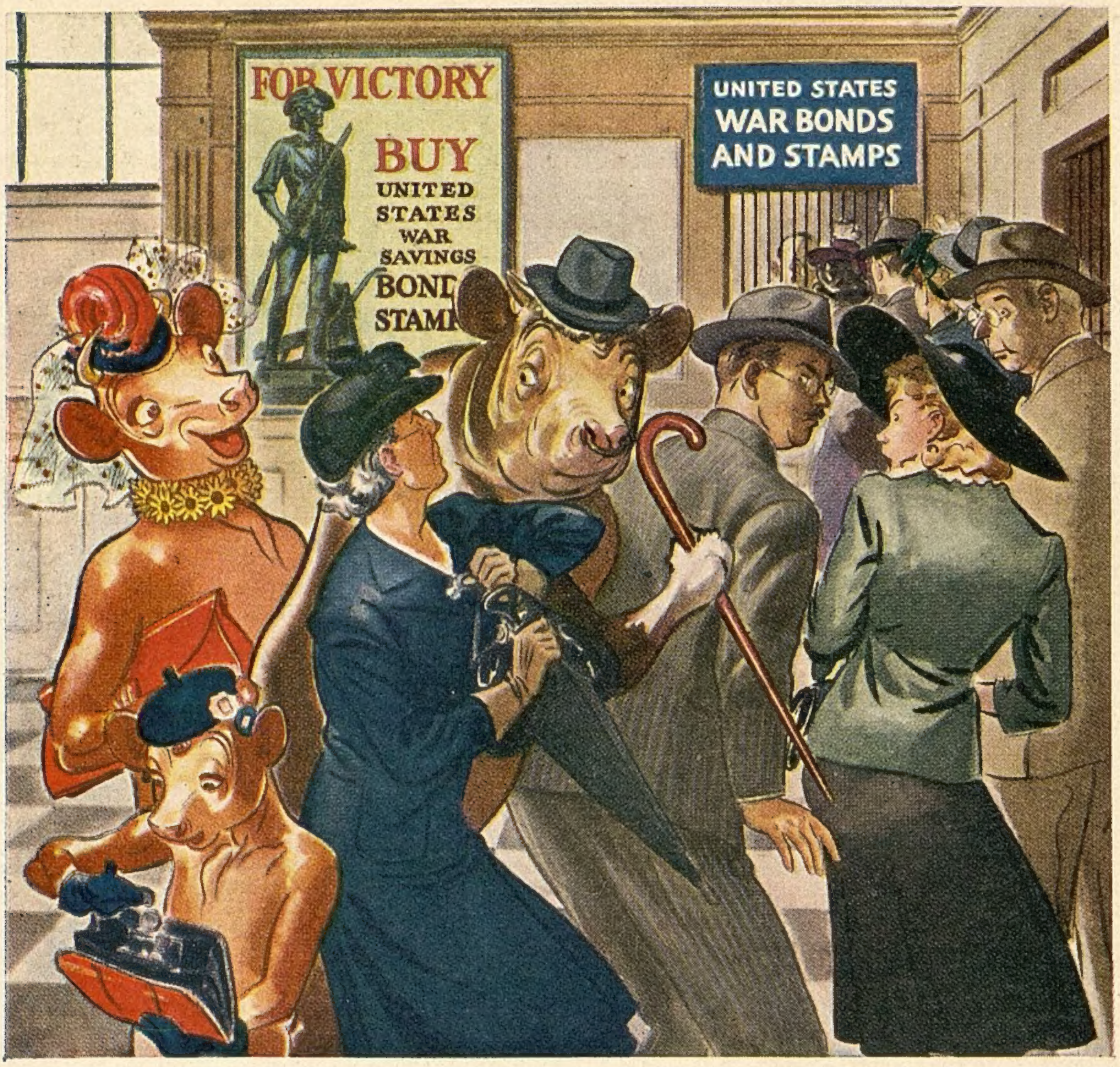
AND, SPEAKING OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT, Liberty's spirited cover this week is from there. In cooperation with the Department, we are pleased to reproduce a poster prepared for the Signal Corps by the Bureau of Public Relations of the United States Army. The poster is from the original painting by Jes W. Schlaikjer. It is a vivid representation of how the Signal Corps functions in these days of modern war.

The Editors

"HARDTACK"



"We ought to report him to the F. B. I. Two dozen all-day suckers hoarded away!"


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
BOND
STAMI
UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

"Don't shove, Elmer, there's no shortage of War Bonds," smiled Elsie

"Well, seems like everybody in the city has to buy War Stamps and Bonds at the same time," rumbled Elmer, the bull, trying to push his way into line and stepping heavily on a woman's corns.

"Humpf, I guess it takes all kinds of people to win a war," said the woman tartly. And she jabbed Elmer sharply with her umbrella.

"Oh, dear," sighed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Can't you be a little more careful, Elmer?"

"Somebody must have shoved me," bellowed Elmer. "I suppose *you* are always careful!"

"Goodness, yes," said Elsie. "I shudder to think what the Borden inspectors would say if I weren't. You know how many people rely on my pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* and all the fine things that are made from it."

"Bother your milk," grumbled Elmer. "I wish the government would freeze it."

"The government doesn't have to," chuckled Elsie. "Borden freezes both my milk and cream. The result is *Borden's Ice Cream*—the smoothest, most scrumptious ice cream anybody ever dipped a spoon into!"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS REAL FOOD!

"Is the $3.18 I saved from my allowance enough to buy a tank, mommy?" asked little Beulah, who had been having a hard time keeping quiet while the grownups were talking.

"W-e-l-l, I'm afraid it's not *quite* enough for a tank," Elsie explained. "But don't let that worry you. Armies need lots of little things just as much as they do tanks."

"What little things?" asked Beulah skeptically.

"Oh any number of little things," said Elsie. "For example, both our armies and our allies use carloads of *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. And it makes simply marvelous creamed soups and mashed potatoes."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED—SMOOTH AND CREAMY!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"Bah," snorted Elmer. "Our life is an open cookbook."

"I'm glad you reminded me, Elmer," Elsie laughed. "The minute we get home I promised to get out the cookbook and show Beulah how to make a big box of candies and cookies to send to the soldiers. It won't take but a minute with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* because Eagle Brand is milk *plus* sugar."

MAKE MAGIC DESSERTS WITH EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

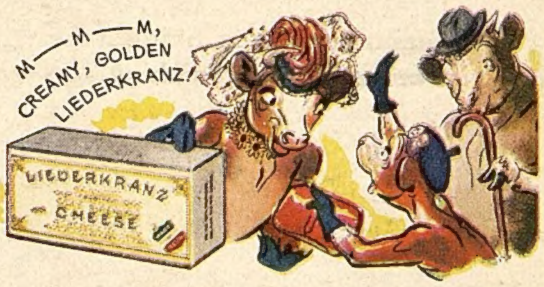
"Don't try to sweet-talk me," roared Elmer. "I don't have to leave the house to discuss how wonderful *you* are. I like your crust!"

"Everybody likes a good crust," Elsie beamed brightly. "But the spicy, old-fashioned flavor of *Borden's None Such Mince Meat* does more for a mince pie than the flakiest crust ever baked."

NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"That," Elmer sneered sarcastically, "was not the kind of a crust I meant."

"Oh, so you were talking about the golden crust on creamy-centered *Borden's Liederkranz*," replied Elsie thoughtfully.


M—M—M, CREAMY, GOLDEN LIEDERKRANZ!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"Liederkranz is the *one* American cheese that's famous the world over. It's only one of a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, and, of course . . ."

"If you're coming to the good part, let *me* say it," broke in little Beulah excitedly. "I've been practicing all week!"

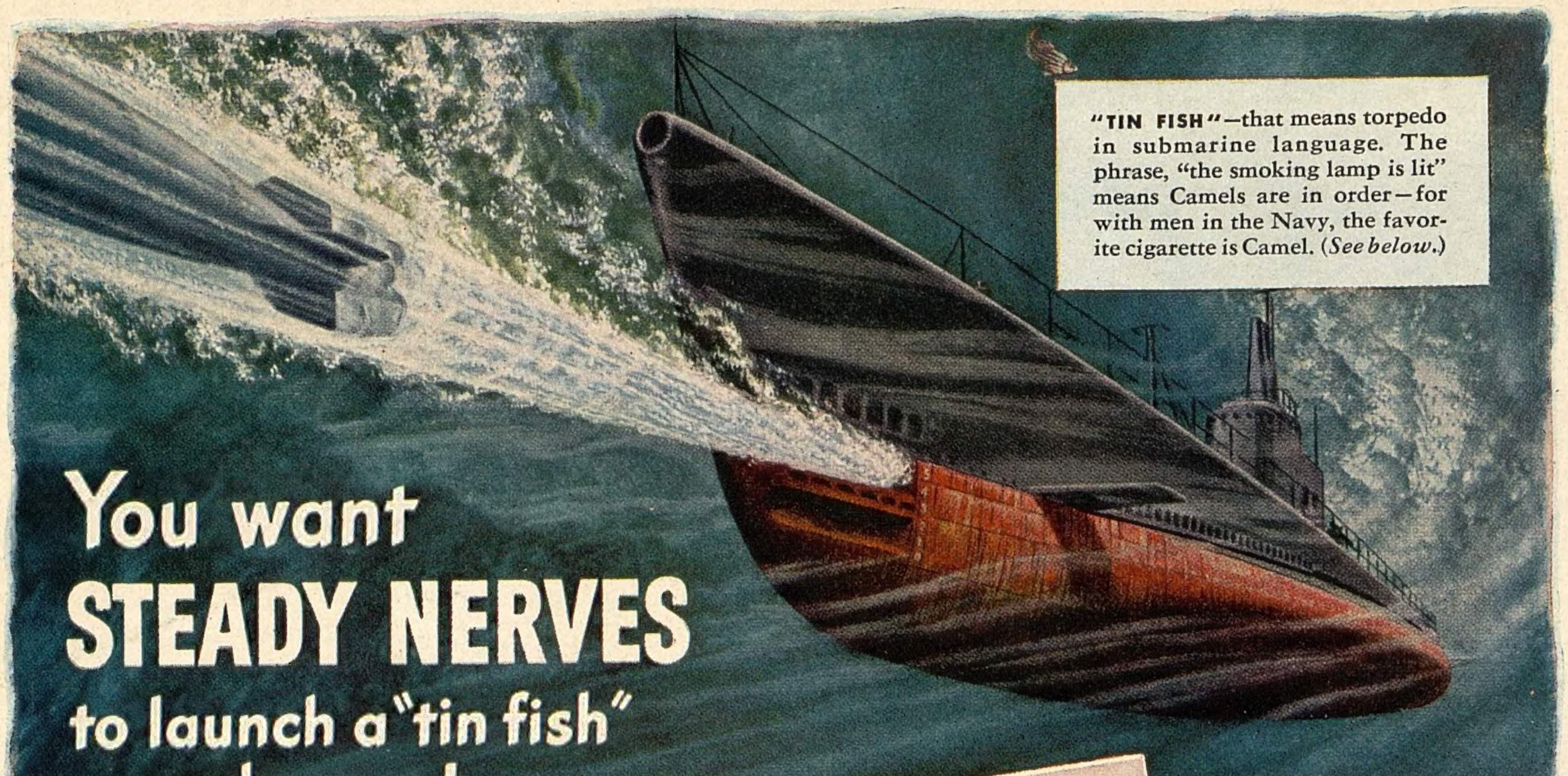
"Are you sure you know it perfectly, darling?" asked Elsie dubiously.

"Yes, mommy, honest I do," Beulah almost shouted, as she jumped up and down. "Just listen . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's* got *to be good!'*"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good
WAR BOND
WAR STAMPS

Elsie says: ***"Here's my favorite recipe: Take one Axis goose. Cook thoroughly by buying*** **U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS REGULARLY.**

© The Borden Compa


You want
STEADY NERVES
to launch a "tin fish"
or make one!

"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (*See below.*)

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T. N. T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

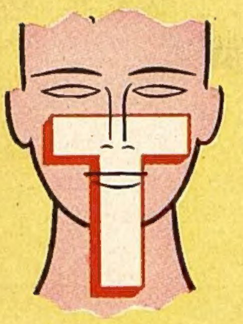
FOR STEADY PLEASURE CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

In the Navy — in the Army — in the Marine Corps — in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

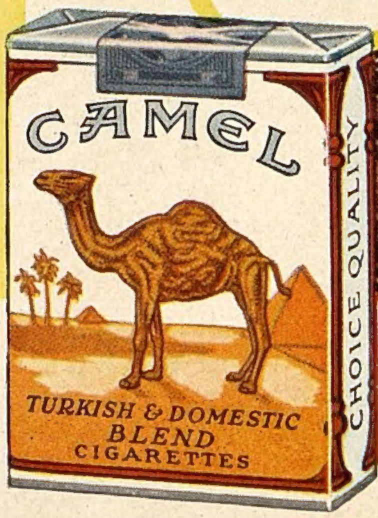
—THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMELS WIN WITH ME ON EVERY COUNT. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT AND THEY DON'T TIRE MY TASTE


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Camel

GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (*above*) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"